

The STUDENT'S PEN



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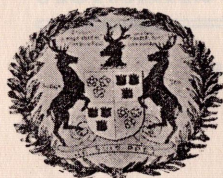
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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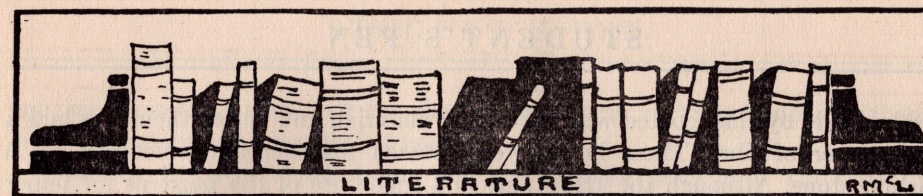
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MISS RUTH EVELYN CLIFFORD

*For wise and patient guidance,
For friendly counsel, too,
For all your kindly, thoughtful care,
We bring our thanks to you.*

We, the February Class of 1926, lovingly dedicate our Commencement issue of The Student's Pen to our class advisor, Miss Ruth Evelyn Clifford.



Ancient Eastern Countries

AMERICA, the land of promise! America, the land of progress! America, the land of prosperity. So often has this slogan rung in our ears that gradually we have come to believe, without the fear of contradiction, that our much boasted civilization is our own, the fruit of our thoughts and endeavors. Ours is the youngest civilization of the world, but we have never hesitated to cull the best in art, in science, in literature, and in industry from all nations. We have even assumed that the favor was theirs in giving, not ours in receiving. True, after some consideration, we may concede in a half-apologetic manner that Europe and its civilization may have exerted some influence in our growth, but we stand aghast and reject with scorn the least suggestion that we are debtors of Asia and Asiatic culture.

With self-complacency we look with pity on the people of China as the most backward and unfortunate of races. At times we have placed them even outside the pale of civilization, but when we delve into the far distant past we learn that long before Cabot explored the New England coast, long before Lief Ericsson and his Vikings plowed the icy waters of the Atlantic Ocean, long before Columbus set foot on the soil of the newly discovered continent, aye, centuries before, there was a civilization in China that, though now fallen into decay, gave an impulse to the world that is felt to this very day, a gift that never can be repaid.

What is this debt the world owes China? The introduction of the alphabet and its companion, printing. The early Chinese alphabet consisted of symbols, not for the construction of syllables, but to show the inflections of the voice. We concede that these symbols were revised and simplified by other nations, especially Egypt, until through the passage of years we have our alphabet of twenty-six letters. However, this phonetic alphabet, originated by the Chinese before the Christian era was the fountain head of all writing development.

With the adoption of the phonetic alphabet came the necessity of devising some means of making use of it and once more the world turned to China and once more was the recipient of an invaluable gift, the fundamentals of the art of printing. Printing, as invented by Foong Taou about 50 B. C. consisted of black type or figures raised in relief upon blocks. The separable and movable type, as used to-day was unknown to Chinese, who cut the entire written matter out of one block, inked its letter surface and made as many impressions as were necessary for the required number of copies. This method still has its advantages over stereotypes, as it requires no proof reading, is light and portable, not easily damaged, and can be used whenever needed without a resetting of type. Conservative to the last, the Chinese have not materially changed as yet, this method of printing.

But the alphabet and printing would be of little benefit without suitable material to receive the impressions of the type. To Egypt are we indebted for the invention of paper. Some years before the Christian era, Egypt introduced the method of making papyrus-paper. Strips of fibre from the three sided papyrus reed

were laid side by side, coated with a sticking material, and across them was laid a second layer of fibre. These layers were pressed together and smoothed by a polishing stone. Although the Egyptians first made use of the papyrus for paper purposes, later they employed palm fibres and other reeds. This paper was very pliable, fairly smooth, and especially durable. Egypt not only invented but also developed the art of paper making, and by the 12th century the manufacture of paper became a flourishing industry. Gradually she came to use finer materials such as linen and cotton cloth in the paper, and even to-day linen and cotton cloth are the foundation of our best qualities of writing material. We may be grateful, indeed, for the early invention of paper, for on the scrolls of papyrus were preserved the literary masterpieces of antiquity and the Bible, itself, which might otherwise have been lost to posterity.

From Babylonia came the science of mathematics, handed down to us practically unchanged through the passing of centuries. As far back as 2500 B. C. mathematics were studied in Babylonia; the tables of squares and cubes, the division of circles into degrees, minutes and seconds, the elementary steps of geometry were all known, to the mathematicians of that country. The number ten was the basis of all reckonings, the precursor, perhaps, of the present metric system. The Greeks acquired their knowledge of mathematics from the Babylonians and we in turn gained our knowledge of this science from the Greeks.

History tells us that as early as the year 1200 B. C. the Babylonians had mastered the fundamentals of astronomy and were foremost in this science. Astronomy was long studied on the wide plains surrounding Babylonia. At first this study was actuated more by superstition and curiosity than by any desire for real knowledge. However, at an early date, the stars were numbered and named and the heavens were divided into degrees. From the knowledge gained of the stars, the moon and the other celestial bodies, a calendar was formed, giving 360 days to the year with extra months added every six years and sometimes two months added as religious ceremonies demanded. The seven day week existed from an early period. The names we give the days can still be traced to Babylonian sources. The calendar passed to the Assyrians and from them to the Jews. The main purpose of Babylonian studies in astronomy was astrological, but it must be admitted that the science of astronomy presupposes a very good knowledge of mathematics.

Here we stand today the beneficiaries of the labours, the studies, the accomplishments of three ancient countries antedating by centuries the birth of Christ. Today they are in the "slough of despond", while we, profiting by their successes and their misfortunes, are pushing forward into the sunshine of hope. And as we push onward and onward towards the goal "Destiny" has set for us, let us not forget that as we are now, so once were they; let us remember that their experience is our heritage.

Adele Palmer, 2nd Honor, Com'l.

The Gifts of Ancient Greece

GREECE was the first country to extend welcoming hands to the culture of the East. She was the heir of the Orient, inheriting the civilization of the eastern nations and developing it to a still higher degree of perfection. But the Greeks were

not mere imitators; they took the gifts of the eastern world and added to them an original contribution, the ideal of beauty.

Beauty, in Greek thought, was another word for perfection. The Greeks felt that the beautiful and the true were one, and the perfection which they sought entered into everything that they were and did, so that all they touched was ennobled. They even placed beauty next to holiness! But beneath this idea, they had a certain formula and applied it—that moderation in all things leads to perfection.

Believing in beauty as in a thing divine, worshipping it with a true religious fervor, they cultivated it in their lives and in their art, and thus sought to attain physically and artistically that perfection which alone could satisfy them.

Previous to the development of the Greek genius, all art had been stiff, formal, and unnatural. A certain Egyptian rigidity was given to all statues because it was thought the gods willed it so. But the Greek genius, alert and original, stimulated as it was by an intense love of beauty, developed an art characterized by a grace, naturalness, and perfection which have never been equalled. Such statues as the Discobolus of Myron, Praxiteles' Faun, or the Winged Victory of Samothrace show such harmony of detail, such poise, symmetry, and beauty that they have become the standard for all future sculptors. America's most noted artists have followed the Greek. Daniel Chester French, widely and favorably known as a sculptor, and the designer of our own memorial group looked to the classic models for the direction and refinement of his own creative genius. His statue of the Minute Man at Concord Bridge reflects plainly the influence of the Hellenistic statue of Apollo Belvidere. The general pose of the figure, the proud attitude, the magnificent arch of chest, the fine, sensitive lines of the face are acknowledged by French himself to be the result of Greek influence. Memory, by the same artist, has been thus compared to the Venus of Milo—"It is less removed, more human and more lovable, but not less perfect, not less noble." Other noted American sculptors, Augustus Saint Gaudens and Gutzon Borglum, not to mention a host of less prominent artists, have derived inspirations and ideals from the art of ancient Hellas.

Not only did the Greeks give us a standard of perfection in sculpture, but in a closely related field, that of architecture, they reached a height of achievement, not yet surpassed by us. Indeed, it is said that the Parthenon in Athens was the most perfect piece of architecture ever created by human hands. Our modern skyscrapers would fill an ancient Greek with dismay, and though we often boast of their bigness, we say little of their beauty. When we wish to indulge our aesthetic sense and erect a building truly beautiful, then we follow the Greek models. Their simplicity, their harmony and refinement, their union of strength and beauty are at once the admiration and despair of the modern architect. Such edifices as the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, the open air theatre at the University of California, the Albright Art gallery at Buffalo, N.Y., are splendid examples of Grecian architecture, and the beautiful columns, be they Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, which adorn so many of our public buildings are evidence enough of our heritage from Greece in the realm of architecture.

Any study of Greek life and ideals, however cursory, reveals at once the Attic admiration of physical beauty. A perfect human body was considered the most sacred of objects, enshrining the soul as in a temple and associating it with the divine.

So intense was the desire for bodily perfection that physical culture was a regular part of the education of the Greek youth. "A sound mind in a sound body" became the rallying cry of Greek educators and so closely did intellect and beauty seem to be allied that the Greeks marvelled that Socrates could be both wise and ugly.

Americans, although fond of sports as a pastime, were slow to adopt the Greek educational idea. Indeed, there was little need for it in the early years of our history, for life was more simple and less sedentary than it is today. But with the growth of cities and the development of mechanical devices to set man free from labor, there came a realization that physical deterioration would result, unless exercise was obtained in some way. Gradually physical culture made its way into our schools, until today there is not a high school of any size in the country but what boasts of its well equipped gymnasium, and scarcely a school system in America that does not give careful attention to physical training for boys and girls. The old Greek idea is again triumphant!

Greek gymnastic did what is the dream of its modern sister; it developed a high tone of manly character, a friendly spirit among the students rising above all jealousies and rivalry, and a patriotic union of minds for the good of the country in public and in society.

The Greek's genuine love of the beautiful and his earnest conception of the state and its demand upon him for the best he could give, made him seek instinctively the ideal, the perfect development. He understood as far as he went, the working principles of a true education, which aspires not to knowledge merely but also to culture, tending to create a healthy nature and heroic spirit in the best youth of the land.

Alexander Gaylord, 2nd Honor, Central.

Our Heritage From Rome

THE historian Freeman says, "Rome is the centre, the point to which all roads lead, and from which all roads lead no less. It is the vast lake in which the streams of earlier history lose themselves, and from which all the streams of later history flow forth again."

Thus we see that the gifts which have come to us from Rome did not originate with her, but came to us from other nations thru her, Rome merely acting as the donor. Since Rome's power was not for creation but for conquest, her service to the world lies in her method of passing on to other nations the good things found in some nation which she had conquered. From Rome, America has been most affected by three things: architecture, law, and literature.

The Romans borrowed a great deal from the Grecian architecture, but it was thru them that Grecian art has been preserved. In this art they emphasized usefulness and truth.

Among their most remarkable works were their heavy masonry drains with arched tops. The Cloaca Maxima, or great drain, which ran under the Forum and emptied into the Tiber, was the most important. It is said to have been large enough to allow a boat to sail down it, and to admit a hay cart. It was strongly built of stone, in the form of a semi-circular arch. Its mouth is still visible on the shore of the Tiber.

Rome was supplied with water by eleven aqueducts. The longest of these, the Anio Novus, had a length of sixty-two miles. Without doubt, these structures have been suggestive in the building of such structures as the aqueduct of Los Angeles which has a length of two hundred thirty-three miles.

The Romans employed the arch in their construction which along with the colonnade composed the two leading features of their magnificent buildings. It was thru these Roman structures that the arch gained its importance in our own architecture.

The magnificent Roman roads which were massively paved with smooth stone were lead straight over the hills and across the rivers by imposing bridges. Some of these bridges still stand and are in use. During the Republic a network of military roads was constructed. These highways were so durable that their remains exist to the present day.

Only today, in America, are we beginning to awaken to the advantage of the use of concrete and cement which the Romans knew so many centuries ago.

Landscape gardening, together with a systematically planned city was given much attention by the Romans. Today, we are just grasping the logic of this.

It has been stated that one of the greatest bequests of antiquity to our modern world is Roman law. The most important principles of the English law, with the exception of certain provisions which relate to the law of real property, not established by direct legislation, may be traced either directly or remotely to the laws of Rome. England received her laws from the "Code Napoleon," which were codified laws and to a great extent a republication of the laws of Justinian. The colonies established in America adopted in the very beginning the English Common law, which has remained until today a fundamental element of American jurisprudence. The code of Louisiana, which was compiled in 1824 from the Napoleonic code, is regarded by some as the most faithful and systematic abridgment of the modern civil law. A principle of law which has descended to us from the time of Antonius Pius, and is still part of our own law, is that an accused person must be held innocent until proved guilty by the evidence. So, indeed, if Rome had done nothing for us but give us her noble body of laws, we would forever remain grateful.

Because of Rome's gift of law to the world, it is not astonishing that many of our legal phrases still retain their Latin form. But, too, a predominance of the Roman language is found in other branches of science as well. Many of our medical, botanical, zoological, and geological terms are Latin. Even now, in our mechanical or electrical field when a new invention is made, we borrow a name from the Latin language. If we make a careful analysis of our language, we find that three-fifths of our words, especially those of culture and power, are derived from the language of Rome. Hundreds of Latin idioms such as *viz*-namely, *i.e.*—the abbreviation for *id est*, that is, and *via*, by way of, have become our common property. Thus, we have inherited thru Roman literature not only history, philosophy, poetry, and drama, but a great share of the language we speak.

Ancient Rome, the mistress of the world, achieved her fame thru her conquests, but the gifts which have endured and enriched our world of today are those of peace.

Viola Hutchinson.

Europe of The Renaissance

THE Renaissance is the name given to the period of transition from the Middle Ages to modern times and to the movement of thought which characterized that period. After the destruction of the Roman empire and the subsequent decline of Roman civilization, Europe passed through a period of change and turmoil which was not conducive to intellectual activity. This period, extending approximately from 476 to 1500, has often been called the Dark or Middle Ages. But when the Dark Ages had passed, there followed one of the most brilliant periods in the history of Europe. The World seemed to wake up and intellectual activity began anew, hence the name "rebirth" or Renaissance. There was a revival in art, and a revival in commerce, navigation, and the study of geography. The spirit of enterprise and adventure were in the air. Men read, thought, and studied with tremendous eagerness, and their intellectual curiosity and creative genius gave birth to many new ideas on which most of the important thought and the inventions of our own time are founded.

In the realm of Renaissance art, we have the great trio, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, whom we associate with the painting, architecture and inventions of the period. These men did not consider themselves great, but what inspirations did they leave! What artists of later times have not aspired to that beauty which these men produced!

Renaissance architecture gave ornamentation to the classic models, changed the arrangement of spaces, and contributed a new note to the profile of buildings. The great architectural monuments of the Renaissance school in Italy are the Court of the Vatican, the Farnese Palace and the church of St. Peter at Rome. This church, a masterpiece of Michael Angelo, is the largest church in the world and is noted for its perfect proportions. In our own time the reproduction of Renaissance architectural types and the careful study of what it accomplished in modifying for modern use classic architecture, has done more to give us handsome monumental buildings than any other inspiration that men have had. The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Philadelphia is modeled after the Italian edifices of the time of Michael Angelo. Among the more prominent of the later Renaissance buildings are the Boston and New York Federal postoffices. The lofty "Tribune" building in New York is a notable representative of it, as are the State, War and Navy building in Washington, D. C., the Grand Central railroad station of New York, and the Capitol at Washington.

Among the inventions of this period still in use to-day are those of Leonardo da Vinci, a practical genius, who applied his scientific discoveries to everyday life. He solved many mechanical problems, invented locks for canals, machinery for sawing marble blocks, and for making vices, saws and planes; he constructed movable derricks quite similar to those which we use, with contrivances for setting up marble columns on bases, one of which, in principle, was used to set up Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment of the Thames in London.

But the invention of the Renaissance which we perhaps appreciate the most is that of Johann Gutenberg. In 1500 he perfected a device for printing by means of movable type, and thus served to multiply books, to make them cheaper, and to put on record the results of the Revival of Learning. If we stop to think what this in-

vention means to us, we will realize that it was really a turning point in civilization. Our whole educational system is based upon the printed page, for it is thru books that the learning of the ages is brought to us, and the chief means by which we keep in touch with each other and know of the progress of the world about us is the newspaper.

In Gutenberg's own day, the immediate effect of his invention was to cause men to read and study more, and thus stimulated, they became eager for travel by land and water. The dominant commercial need of the time was a new water route to the Indies, and courageous spirits, inspired by tales of wealth to be found in the Orient, set out to discover and chart new routes.

In 1487, Bartholomew Diaz, in the service of the king of Portugal, sailed along the coast of Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached the Indian Ocean, thus charting for future generations the continent of Africa. But while Diaz was searching for an eastern route to the Indies, Christopher Columbus, with a courage and vision which the man in the street characterized as crazy, sailed to the westward into the Sea of Darkness. For two months, despite hardships, mutiny, and discouragement, he pushed on, kindled with the divine spark of faith and enthusiasm, and on October 12th, 1492, he went ashore on one of the small coral islands of the Bahama group, the discoverer of a new world. In 1497, John Cabot reached Labrador, the first European to set eyes on the continent of North America since the days of the Norsemen. Four years later Americus Vespucius discovered the continent of South America, and by the close of the next decade, Balboa had discovered the Pacific Ocean and Magellan had sailed around the globe.

Thus in art, in mechanics, and in discovery did the people of the Renaissance alter the world of the Middle Ages, taking what was best from the classic civilization and passing it on, developed and extended, to the world of today.

Stella Dansereau.

Later European Influences

AFTER the Renaissance, Europe opened its vast storehouses of knowledge and poured out its great treasures over the world. America, the newly discovered continent in the west, only too eagerly accepted these contributions of the Old World. From France, from England, and from Germany she received the priceless gifts of speech, of tradition, of customs, fortified by the use of centuries.

The English language is the most cosmopolitan language of the world. The spread of this language to every part of the world by the English-speaking followers of commerce, travel, and adventure has well nigh made it the universal language. Not satisfied with its own words, it has also taken words from every language in the world, so that today its vocabulary, grown to an enormous size, consists mainly of foreign words with their quaint spelling and pronunciation. Even before the Norman conquest, the English language was indebted to the French for many of its words. After that conquest the result of intercourse, both official and friendly, may be seen in the large acquisition of Norman and Parisian French forms of expression. As a result of the commercial activities of the Mediterranean countries, many Spanish and Italian words were added to the English vocabulary.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Danish invaders overran the northeast of England and an assimilation of English and Scandinavian dialects followed.

By borrowing from the Celtic language of Ireland, Scotland and Wales our language has been enriched. To the Dutch, the Arabic, and even the Indian, have we gone for means to express our ideas. In truth, there is scarcely a language spoken in the world that we have not levied on to build up our own.

As our language has been inherited from foreign sources, from the same sources have we derived our customs and traditions. What are traditions? The oral transmission of morals, ceremonies, practices, surviving through many generations; the unwritten memorials of ancient times. There is said to be inherent in man an inclination to imitate the past; likewise a resentment of new customs. Is it any wonder, then that customs and habits survive the ages?

France has exerted a greater influence upon our customs and etiquette than any other country. In the eighteenth century, chivalry was introduced into France and a veritable revolution of French manners and customs followed. Gradually it spread to Europe with the same results, nor did far-away America escape the effects of the new social order.

From France, chivalry advanced on England, and England succumbed. Who has not read stories of English chivalry and knighthood, of Ivanhoe, of legendary King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table?

The colonists of Virginia and South Carolina brought to America English ideals and to some extent these ideals still prevail. German explorers, bringing their customs and traditions to this country, left their indelible impress on American customs and manners. The typical American of today possesses fragments of what he thinks are American manners and customs; but, if the truth be told, they are not American at all, but borrowed from such nations as England, France and Germany. America's political, social, and educational institutions were founded on those of England, Germany and France.

The seventeenth century saw a notable advance in science in England. Harvey revealed the circulation of the blood. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the laws of gravitation, a discovery of inestimable value to the study of engineering. The modern postal system had its beginning in England. The "London Times" installed the first steam printing press.

The principles of political economy were formulated in France. Through a scientific study of the subject, France encouraged political economy and the science of the production of wealth and its proper distribution among the members of society.

Germany, also, contributed her share to the arts and sciences of America. Science was a great factor in the economic progress of Germany. Through the faithful and untiring scientists who devoted their lives to theory and experiment, Germany became the leader of science and scientific research in the world. Great chemical plants with splendidly equipped laboratories and libraries give employment to thousands of scientific workers. Over 20,000 patents offer proof of the marvelous achievements in this line of endeavor. From a bountiful supply of coal

tar, she made drugs and medicine. From that same coal tar, she made dyes of a quality that other nations, try as they may, have been unable to attain.

We, young and old, love our wonderful America for what she is and stands for. We are proud of her achievements, her customs and traditions. However, in our just pride and admiration, let us not forget those countries who contributed their wealth of knowledge and power to help make America the country she is today.

*Ida Lussier,
1st Honor, Com'l.*

America, the Product of Her Inheritance

*"America, half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land."*

FROM every land that has ever existed, America has some inheritance, something derived either through the descendants of nations that have ceased to be, or through immigrants from countries which, today, still hold their place among the nations of the world.

Since the date of her discovery, America has had an entirely different significance in almost every age. In the fifteenth century, when the news of the discovery of America spread over Europe, many, indeed, were the conceptions of this new-found land. These ideas were influenced to a very great extent by the numerous myths of that day. One well-known story was that of a king whose realm fairly flowed with gold, and so rich was this king that he washed in golden waters on ceremonial occasions. Another was that of the Seven Cities of Cibola, abounding in riches and treasure. Another told of a fountain whose sparkling waters brought eternal youth to whoever drank of them. It was such myths as these, and countless others, which served to paint, in the minds of adventurers, America as the home of wealth.

But there were others to whom America had an entirely different significance. To those whose strongest motive in life was to worship God as they deemed best, America appeared as a haven of religious freedom. To those who struggled under the crushing heel of the tyrant who would deprive them of everything, even life itself, America typified a refuge of freedom and liberty. For those weighed down with the burdens of life, America was to be a land of happiness, a place for a new start in life. And so, into this land of hope, swept thousands of immigrants with their diverse customs and manners, their personal ideas and habits.

But what does America mean to us today? Does she live up to what was and is now expected of her? That we might have a firm foundation on which to build a nation of lofty ideals, there has been given to us, a land rich with the gifts of Nature. Here and there in this great world, Nature has painted some strikingly beautiful pictures, but search where you will, though you search to the end of time, never shall you find a more delightful product of Nature's hand than America. Listen to our babbling brooks, look at our verdant meadows, our peaceful lakes, our forest-clad hillsides, our snowcapped peaks, and our blue sky of a hue that America alone may possess. Now see the start Nature has given us towards acquiring our wealth.

Gaze on our minerals, our gold and our silver, our copper and our iron, our coal, our granites and marbles. Nature has certainly given us a splendid start towards the development of our nation.

With such material upon which to build, it is no wonder that America cherishes ideals, so countless that we may speak of only a few: industrial prosperity, educational opportunity, and governmental freedom. Just one look at our industries is sufficient to point out the enormous development of natural resources which her loyal citizens have brought about. Listen to the hum of the great wheels of manufacturing, see the farmer as he tills his field, look at the puffing locomotive as it carries its commercial burdens to and fro, and see the lordly ship as it plies its trade from country to country. All symbolize prosperity. Add to these the shorter working hours, adequate compensation, and protective labor laws, and you may perceive that America has done much toward realizing the ideal of a happy, contented, industrial nation.

And now we come to a second ideal in the land of ours: educational opportunity. To be sure, the schools of ancient Greece and Rome were great, as were the universities of Europe, but at the height of their greatness, they are not to be compared with the American schools, for they lacked that principle in which the American school glories, freedom of education to all. In our schools, race, color, or sect matter not; to all is given the golden opportunity of obtaining the happiness of knowledge. That is the ideal of American education, not yet quite fully realized, yet to a great degree holding out to the youth of our land that educational opportunity which will fit him for citizenship.

But no nation can flourish without the ideals of good government, and so it is that much credit for the greatness of America may be well attributed to its government, for it is a government that fairly rings with liberty, freedom, and equality. It strives to be a true "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Its beliefs are well founded in religious toleration, suffrage, and the welcoming of new-comers. Imperfect as it may be, it is truly a wonderful nation, and just the more wonderful will she become, to the extent that she lives up to the ideals of her founders.

"O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the year,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America, America, God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea." *James Hickey, 1st Honor, Central.*

Books—Treasures I Should Like to Buy

Maplewood Prize Essay

EVERYONE has dreams; even the most practical person has, at one time or another in his life, a dream, which soon becomes a reality if the person is persevering.

If I should mention to my friends that there are times when I disregard everything and am content to dream, I would be laughed at. I am considered a practical

person—a thing of which I don't know whether or not to be proud—thus my wish is a practical one.

My dream library is any ordinary room with shelves and shelves of books on each wall. The books are of every sort and description; big books, little books, pocket editions, old, worn, finger-marked books are on the shelves. However, all are arranged systematically.

First of all you find a dictionary—an unabridged dictionary, for such a book contains not only the pronunciation of each word but also gives the derivation, synonyms, and selections which contain the word correctly used. The dictionary is second to none in its usefulness as a guide to correct English.

There is a certain type of book that, to me, is more fascinating than any other type of literature. It is the book that encourages you, that convinces you that everything is possible and "can be done." This book is the biography. The books about men and women who have accomplished things, who are prominent in literature and political life fascinate me. You find scores of these in my dream library. Among them are "Franklin's Autobiography" and "Roosevelt's Autobiography." It is always interesting to know what our immigrants think of us. Mary Antin has called America by the title of one of her best books, "The Promised Land." It is impossible to analyze one's feelings as the book is read. A feeling of pride comes over you when you read the earnest praise given to this wonderful country of ours. Jacob A. Riis called his autobiography "The Making of an American." In this case a penniless boy arrives here and thru hard work rises to success. However, Mr. Riis did not stop when he succeeded; he went right on and a great deal of the social work which has been done in New York was due to his kindness and aid. The lives of women who have "worked and won" are worthy of being read. Whoever has not read Carpenter's "Joan of Arc" or Richard's "Life of Florence Nightingale" has yet to discover two excellent books.

I often wonder why, when we are offered something we like and which at other times is hard to secure, we refuse to accept it. Who has not found a letter which looked tempting and which he wished to read, but could not because it belonged to another person? You will find plenty of letters in my library, letters of every sort and you are free to read them. Charles Dickens' letters, Louisa Alcott's, Roosevelt's, Mark Twain's, letters written by every important person who is of interest. Every letter reveals some trait of the author. Why, a letter is really a character sketch, a portrait the author of which has turned artist for himself.

Letters often give us accounts of far away places, but if you would like to go to Europe, to visit London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, (and who would not?) come with me. We shall go around the world in less than eighty days! We all know that our minds travel faster than the swiftest aeroplane. Come into my dream library and we shall visit every nook and corner of the earth on wings of thought. Books of travel are not guide books; they contain the personal experience of the author and are exciting and overflowing with adventure.

"Essays? Ugh! Why, I never have read one in my life," you exclaim as you turn toward the essay shelf. Were you ever in the mood when even your favorite novel seemed useless and you wanted something "different?" Here are Leacock's humorous essays. "Frenzied Fiction" or "Literary Lapses" will surprise you. You

will chuckle over them with glee, smile at the slightest joke and exclaim, "Who said that an Englishman has no sense of humor?" Close beside Leacock, you find the more thoughtful essays, "Adventures in Friendship" and "Adventures in Contentment" by Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Baker writes under the name of David Grayson and in his books we meet all sorts of people, the most interesting of all being Harriet, David's sister. She is so human, so motherly, so kind, that one cannot help but admire her. Altho my mind always says Emerson when the word essay is mentioned and altho I have a few of his along with Macaulay's and Ruskin's, I bought the lighter essays first.

"Men must read for pleasure as well as for knowledge," said Henry Ward Beecher, and so we shall turn to the novel shelf. You find that my dream library contains not "books of the hour" but "books of all time." Books which will be famous forever you find on these shelves, books like "Jane Eyre", "Lorna Doone", "Janice Meredith", "Silas Marner" and "The House of Seven Gables." All of Dickens' works are there, and for the more recent books Rafael Sabitini's romances. Dumas, Hugo, Stevenson, Scott, Cooper, and a few others represent the old school, while our modern literature has as delegates in my library, Conrad, with his stories of the sea; Kipling, who writes novels with a human interest, and Christopher Morley, who, we have every reason to believe, has a sense of humor much like that of Leacock. A few of Tarkington's are on the shelf, but just a few, for they are mostly "books of the hour."

I have these books now in my dream library, and as soon as I have them in my real library, I shall read them again and again and shall try to apply the knowledge which I obtain, for, as George Washington said, "Books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from them."

Esther Lipsheez.

Class Day Program

Introductory Remarks,	Edward Connally
High Lights of Our Four Years,	Lawrence Goddeau
Class Statistics,	Wilfred Blais
Saxophone Solo,	Gladdis Whittlesey
Class Prophecy,	Eugenie Corrinet
To The Faculty,	Mary O'Donnell
Ukelele Number,	
Lillian Heroux, Grace Genest, Viola Hutchinson, Marian Barbour	
To The Senior B's,	Philip Sagarin
Violin Solo,	Morris Poch
Class Will,	Peter Garden
Class Ode,	Class

Cheer

High Lights in the History of the Class of 1926

(As compiled by Goddeau, Gaylord and Goold, Historians)

ON cold, crisp morning in the month of February of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two, we, the class of twenty-six, began our career as students at the Pittsfield High School. We were gifted with the opportunity to become outstanding from the start. We were the first class to use the Pomeroy Grammar School as a high school. We were the last class to enter P. H. S. as freshmen. "United we stand; divided we fall," Stuart Goodell once remarked, or was it Patrick Henry? At any rate, it was for the class of '26 to disprove this theory. Divided as we were into two sections, separated by almost two miles, we struggled from the beginning to make a name for ourselves as a part of P. H. S.

Because of the division of the class, little time was given to social activities. All our attention was taken up with studying, and as a result, at the end of the first year our marks were above the average, and we had formed the habit of application. Everyone worked hard, and by exercising at home the above mentioned habit, almost every boy in the class soon realized his ambition—his first long trousers.

Before long we were sophomores and we were not slow in letting the fact be known to the school, especially impressing it upon our immediate successors. Due to our intense study in the first year, our second year was a success as far as marks were concerned. During this year we set for Room 8 a record of which we still boast—our class received fewer deficiencies than any other class whose members had occupied this room in former years—this according to statistics furnished by Mr. Lucy.

By the end of the sophomore year the part of the class that came from Pomeroy had become well enough acquainted with those who had spent their freshman year at Pittsfield High, to enter with them into a new era for the school. Heretofore the spirit of the school had been only luke warm. Now, of course, we do not wish to claim all of the credit for the rapid change that took place, but we did our share. At this time one of the greatest feats ever attempted by Pittsfield High was accomplished. The basketball team, of which "Billy" Whalen, our class athlete, was an honorary member, had an invitation to go to the National Basketball Tournament at Chicago. One thousand dollars had to be raised. "Could they do that?" was the question on everyone's lips. In less than twenty-four hours not only one thousand dollars was raised but two, and we did our share. This basketball team became famous all over the country not only for the wonderful ability of the team but for the school spirit manifested by the student body back of it.

Junior "B" means organization. Our first class meeting was a little noisy but very orderly. "Billy" Whalen was elected president, a very brilliant choice; Marian Barbour, vice-president; James Hickey, secretary; and we wished upon "Pete" Garden the job of locating stray quarters that seemed so mysteriously forgotten the first of every month.

Time slipped by to the tune of "Cheer on Old Pittsfield." We had become Junior "A's." Now our ambition, besides that of becoming seniors, was to let the world at large know about our class. Up to this time there had been no Junior B notes in *The Pen*. Few were aware of the fact that we existed. A meeting was called, and in

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the next number of the school paper the results of this conference were made known. "Ed" Connally was seated in the president's chair firmly enough to remain there the rest of our high school days; George Donald became vice-president; Vic Blair, secretary; and our well-filled bank book was handed to Jennie Corrinet.

After the resignation from the faculty of Miss Bligh, who for the preceding year had been our class adviser, we chose Miss Clifford to guide the class through its trials and tribulations.

On January ninth in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five we held our Junior Prom. If the success can be judged by the number of those present and by the generous praise given in the newspapers, our Prom was the greatest social success ever attained by any class of Pittsfield High School. This success was obtained, it should be noted, under great difficulty, for this Prom was the second dance held by the school, at which the attendance was limited to students.

Our "Hop", which took place in our Senior year, December 4, 1925, was also a great success both socially and financially. It was very well attended by the faculty and school committee which added greatly to the spirit of the affair.

It was ordained that our entrance into the senior year should be distinctive. On the first day we had twelve periods. Because of the blizzard, and the no-school signal the previous day, we were unable to complete our last day as Junior "A's."

On returning to school the morning of February second, we found ourselves still Junior "A's." A terrible predicament to be sure, but one easily remedied. The first six periods of the day were spent as Junior "A's", the last six as seniors. This is only another proof that we are an exceptional class.

As seniors we again assembled *en classe*, and elected "Pete" Garden, vice president; upon "Lawnie" Goddeau fell the job of keeping tabs on the class, and the financial problem was placed in the hands of Wilfred Blais. Thru his management, and the enthusiastic help of the class members who sold tickets during the Dalton and Drury game, our bank roll grew to large dimensions.

Our class rings, the only concrete reminder of our happy four years spent at Pittsfield High School, were selected so wisely that every member of the class now wears a ring that he is proud of.

So through four short years we have come to this day, when for the last time within school hours, we speak as a class. The record book is closed upon our names, deficiencies and report cards will no longer dog our steps, but we hope, like the Chambered Nautilus, "to build more stately mansions."

Class Statistics

<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	Gladdis Whittlesey
<i>Handsome Boy</i>	Francis Campion
<i>Cutest Girl</i>	Eugenie Corrinet
<i>Cutest Boy</i>	Russel Clarke
<i>Cleverest Girl</i>	Viola Hutchinson
<i>Cleverest Boy</i>	Victor Blais
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Eugenie Corrinet

<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	Edward Connally
<i>Wittiest Girl</i>	Marguerite May
<i>Wittiest Boy</i>	Victor Blais
<i>Quietest Girl</i>	Stella Dansereau
<i>Quietest Boy</i>	Howard Goold
<i>Best Girl Dancer</i>	Grace Laramée
<i>Best Boy Dancer</i>	Charles Wesson
<i>Model Girl Student</i>	Delphine Allessio
<i>Model Boy Student</i>	James Hickey
<i>Best Natured Girl</i>	Mary O'Donnell
<i>Best Natured Boy</i>	Edward Connally
<i>Class Vamp</i>	Grace Laramée
<i>Class Sheik</i>	Wendell Burneau
<i>Class Athlete</i>	William "Billy" Whalen
<i>Class Orator</i>	Harold Wiener
<i>Class Musician</i>	Morris Poch
<i>Class Poet</i>	Harold Engleman
<i>Class Pet</i>	Grace Genest
<i>Class Giggler</i>	Virginia Dennison
<i>Class Clown</i>	Gerald Davis
<i>Most Carefree Girl</i>	Margaret Connally
<i>Most Carefree Boy</i>	Edward Connally
<i>Class Bluff</i>	Philip Sargarin
<i>Class Fashion Plate</i>	Doris Kriger

Prophecy of the Class of February, 1926

WHY, Harry Weiner! Where in the world have you been keeping yourself since we graduated from dear, old P. H. S.?"

"Oh, I've made a considerable sum of money on a Prune Ranch in Australia. Now, I decided to take a little trip back to see our old Alma Mater. What have you been doing, Jennie, since you left P. H. S.?"

"I'm a Prohibition Agent in Milwaukee, and I, too, am contemplating a visit to P. H. S., before I start on a new campaign of driving the wets from Milwaukee."

Thus we met, and to-gether started on a slow trip for the Berkshires. "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing-gum"; called a man in the subway, leaning against an iron pillar his tray of wares pendant from his neck. The stock was rapidly being depleted, for, in spite of numerous misfortunes, "Fran" Campion still retained his ready smile, using it generously when he wished to dispose of his stock. As we left the subway, we met Marian Barbour, the author of such famous books as, "How to Dive Gracefully" and "How to Bob Your Own Hair." She told us these books were being sold successfully throughout the world by Delphine Allessio.

Down Broadway we walked to see the sights. In flashing lights we read a play-house sign, "Vernon Fish's Theatre." The great Shakesperian tragedy, "Hamlet," was on. The play had begun when we entered. All was still. Every eye was fixed upon the Danish prince in short satin trousers and lace frilled blouse. Near him

stood gentle, willowy Ophelia with a flowing skirt and wasplike waist. We, too, were quiet and listened; and gradually as our eyes became accustomed to the dimness, we saw upon the stage not John Barrymore nor Ethel, but Dan Potter and Viola Hutchinson. During intermission we interviewed the leading characters and learned that Marie Cullen had organized a theatrical company and was presenting "Hamlet" for the first time that day. Because we knew we could not stand the strain of watching Hamlet accomplish his revenge, we decided to spend the rest of the afternoon at a ball game. The Giants and the Hillies were to meet. When the batteries were announced, we heard familiar names. Julius Jeppeson, gay in a new suit of red, walked out to the pitcher's box, and Wilfred Blais, in a blue and orange jersey, took his stand behind the plate. They were both playing for the Giants. In the ninth inning with two men out and the score eight to nine in favor of the Hillies, "time out" was called and an announcer, stepping to the middle of the field with his megaphone, proclaimed to New York and the world at large that Edward Connally, formerly the president of the February class of 1926 from P. H. S., had been elected to the presidency in Washington. Peter Garden, another member of the class, was to take his seat as the representative from the Philippines. This news so elated Blais, who was the next man at bat, that he hit a home run, winning the game for the Giants.

Disaster overtook us as we were leaving the game. I was knocked down by an auto traveling at the rate of ninety miles an hour. As soon as I saw Grace Genest at the wheel, I knew escape for me was impossible. Of course, she took me to the city hospital; and, all bruised as I was, I had to listen while she boasted she was the champion automobile racer of the world. She had taken all prizes in cross country races and was the most reckless and dare-devil driver known. My nurse at the hospital was Margaret Connally, who, when she had bandaged my hurts, went with us to Marian's apartment for supper. In the courteous and efficient butler, who served us, I discovered Ralph Conway; and upon being asked, Marian told us that Marybill Mahon was her dietitian and could not be surpassed.

The music for the dinner hour came over the radio. It was announced that we would hear Gladdis Whittlesey's orchestra at its best. We were told the entire town of Peru listens in every evening, because they like to hear the jazz while they watch Gerald Brown do the Harvard Hop in the town hall.

Of course, in New York no evening is spent quietly within the four walls of an apartment, so, having scanned the amusement page of the *Evening Tribune* for inspiration, we answered the call of a full column advertisement.

"Come to the Great Prophet, Victor Blais,
The Wonder of the Age.
There is nothing he cannot tell you
Of lost wealth, love or friends."

We would see how he did it! The small room on the top floor of a studio building was still and dark, only the flickering flame of two low candles guided us to the table near which the wizard sat. He asked no questions, he made no sign, but before long he spoke addressing no one in particular:—

"You are soon to make a tour of the world primarily to study school types. In sunny Arizona, one founded by Doris Kreiger and Virginia Dennison is for inter-

pretative laughing; a second, in roomy Texas, under the management of Joseph Novick and his most efficient professor, Lawrence Goddeau is for stuttering students only. A third one, which is in West Pittsfield, is under the supervision of Charlotte Chapman. It is more of a sanitarium than a school and is for overworked students from P. H. S. This school has been generously endowed by Bertha Bennett, who has made a fortune in raising corn."

For some minutes silence reigned in the prophet's room and I thought he had ended our interview, but he was only annihilating space, which is a simple task for a magician.

Then he continued, "You will go to the famous Hippodrome in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, run by Hubertus Field, who is starring "Jimmie" Hickey in "The War of the Giants", and Alexander Gaylord in a popular midget act. The famous "H" orchestra, under the leadership of Bennie Shusterman, with Poch, the Harmonica soloist; Goold, the drummer; Meagher, the harpist; Ruscetta, the lyrist and Lawrence Hogue, the organist, furnishes the music at each performance. In far away Alaska you will visit Jennimae Cooper, who in a decidedly modern art school, is trying to teach the Eskimos how to draw posters for the senior hops and junior proms. You will not like the call of the North Pole, so you will try that of the South Pole, joining an expedition headed by "Billie" Whalen, with "Chuck" Sullivan and "Rus" Clarke as his assistants, going in search of "The Missing Link". On your way back you will touch sunny France, where you will learn that "Art" Verchot is following in his brother's footsteps and is now the leading politician in Chaje. Crossing into Italy, you will meet an old classmate, Stuart Goodell, who has purchased a large farm near Naples and is experimenting in raising seedless figs. Here, too, you will learn that Gerald Davis is taking part in dramatics, his specialty being light house scenes in which he plays the part of the fog horn. To help out an old classmate, Wendell Burneau, you will buy a large amount of hair tonic he is selling. It is guaranteed to make old fur coats look quite new."

Another long pause on the part of the prophet made me venture the question—"Can you tell us nothing about the others who graduated with us in '26?" Still the silence endured. At last—

"Mary O'Donnell and Lillian Heroux have positions as directors of Bachelor Actors. Mary chooses the leading ladies for the Bachelor Actors in the famous "Bashful Bumpkin Co." of which David Morrison and Milton Melnik are the oldest members. Lillian designs their costumes. Marguerite May has become an expert horsewoman. She drives the famous twenty-mule borax team and is touring the United States with Clarence Trudell, who each day is addressing thousands of people on "The Value of Eating" and "Love Is Beautiful but Food's More Nourishing." Mildred Anthony is to be Miss Coltsville at the beauty contest in Atlantic City at which Philip Sagarin and Walter Tarnawa are to be judges. Madeline Cole and Stella Dansereau are at the head of a matrimonial bureau in Chicago. They are in hopes of being able soon to find mates for all the unmarried teachers in P. H. S. George Donald and Harold Engleman are at the head of a beauty parlor for men and dogs only. Next week your mail will contain chiefly large white envelopes for Margaret Leahy and William Crowley's announcements will be out, and it is prob-

able that Grace Laramie and "Chuck" Wasson, who have become dancers of fame where dancing is not known, will follow suit."

There goes a bell and I awake to find myself in my own living room with Harry sitting near the fireplace still reading to me the fairy tales I so enjoyed when I was a child.

Eugenie Corrinet, '26.

Harry Weiner, '26.

To the Faculty

NEVER was a rosier future predicted for any class than you have just heard forecast by our prophet. If our future is bright, if the fates are good to us, we realize that it will be, to a large extent, because of the training and wise guiding we have had in P. H. S.

Some members of the faculty who directed our footsteps when we were freshmen have passed on to other fields of endeavor, but at some time during our four years, some members of our class have had instructions from all of the present faculty, and it is to this composite group that we owe what success has already come our way.

The patience which our freshman teachers showed during those months when it was difficult for us to forget that we were no longer grammar school pupils, was the first support in P. H. S. upon which we leaned. And as we look back over the years that have since passed, we realize how heavily we have rested upon that support ever since. For the personal interest, the consideration which each school day has brought us, we are grateful to all the faculty.

How frequently when we were involved in a mathematical problem would we have floundered upon the rocks and failed, had it not been for Mr. Lucy, who patiently toiled with us.

In making preparations for our Junior Prom and our Senior Hop, we found our class advisor, Miss Clifford, ever alert to aid us in all our difficulties. To her untiring efforts we owe the success of both the Prom and Hop.

To Mr. Strout we owe much. He has helped us through our four years with his advice and friendly interest, ever ready to suggest and direct.

Teachers all, the class of 1926 thanks you for your efforts in its behalf. We hope that you may soon forget the many annoying things that may have crept into our associations, the poorly prepared work we sometimes gave you, the careless recitations we often made, our late arrivals and early departures. Forget these, but remember that we do realize to some extent what you have done for us, and that we are truly grateful.

Mary O'Donnell, '26.

Edward Connally, '26.

Advice to the Senior B's

THE task now before me, fellow students, of giving you advice is very easy; indeed the easiest I ever had in high school. Hitherto, only teachers could advise; at last we have reached a point where we can advise. And what is simpler than telling people what to do? Witness the ease with which teachers do it! Need I go to the Sages, to Plato, to Socrates, or to Aristotle? No. My own experience in my four years of high school is enough to furnish sufficient points.

A few weeks ago there was a strange coincidence between our school and Florida. While people in Florida were using their best judgment in exchanging lands, Pittsfield High School was engaged in a similar enterprise of exchanging ties. As was the case in Florida, the students who were first to risk their neckwear received the best of the bargain. But later, this affair turned out to be a swindling proposition as ingenious students managed to turn their worn shoestring into a silk tie. Therefore, fellow students, in every undertaking in which you are involved, be first and foremost in order to be the beneficiary.

But to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime, allow me to relate a story. A passer-by saw three men cutting stones and questioned them as to what they were doing. The first one replied that he was just cutting. He was aimless; he had no purpose in what he was doing. This man will cut stones until the end of his life.

The second cutter said that he was cutting stones for three dollars a day. His only purpose was his maintenance. He, too, will not advance in life.

The third stone-cutter replied that he was building a cathedral. He was aiming at a mark and was bound to hit it. This man will *not* cut stones all his life. He will advance.

In every small union, in every small enterprise, you find these three classes of people, but in every large undertaking it is only the third class that fill the positions. Here, in this very school, we find these three classes. The first class are the ones who go to school only because the law requires them to; the second are those who study just for the marks. The third class are the majority of us who go to school to get the best out of it.

You will soon be in our position contracting for a life work. Some of you will proceed as in the first class; others as in the second, but America needs only those who will follow as in the third class. In medicine, in law, and even in business, may you be the cathedral builders.

Senior B's:—Every age must improve over the previous age, every class must improve over the previous one or else progress in education is a myth. It is natural for any one to think that we have been the best class ever graduated from Pittsfield High School. It is natural that you will be even better than we are. I will not deny it although the "class bluff" is expected to.

We, the February class of 1926, leave you to follow us. We all can be cathedral builders though not all of us can be Washingtons, Lincolns or Wilsons. However, the fact that a boy from a farm in Vermont has become president of the United States, should convince us of the power of perseverance in free America. Yes, striving will bring us near our goal. You will not fail, if, as your American philosopher has said, you "hitch your wagon to a star."

Philip H. Sagarin, '26.

Last Will and Testament

OF THE

FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1926

WE, the February Class of 1926, of the High School, City of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being always of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills heretofore made by us.

And as to our worldly estate, we bequeath and dispose our actual possessions, not to the spirit of the school, not to the undergraduates, nor to the teachers, but to the members of our own class in the manner following; to wit:

To Delphine Allesio, a package of hairpins to hold her beautiful raven tresses in place.

To Mildred Anthony, a solid gold vanity case from Woolworth's store, so that she may never have a shiny nose.

To Marian Barbour, a small, handy mirror, so that she may leave her large one in Room 16 for some Miss Vanity in the next class.

To Bertha Bennett, a sewing basket so that she may be more successful in handwork.

To Victor Blais, a box of oil paints and camel hair brushes to aid him in his study of art in the Bohemian district of Paris.

To Wilfred Blais, our class treasurer, an account book, which he may find convenient when he obtains that lofty position as treasurer of the Pittsfield Animal Cracker Company.

To Gerald Brown, a magnet, which he may use to lure copper strips out of sulphuric acid, as he once tried to do in the physics class.

To Wendell Burneau, our class sheik, a bottle of Page's Mucilage, so that his hair may have the true Valentinian effect.

To Francis Campion, our handsomest boy, a mirror, so that he may always be reminded of his beauty.

To Charlotte Chapman, the capable saleslady of our class, an Eversharp pencil, in hopes that she may always find it useful in her business.

To Russel Clarke, the cutest boy of the class, a telephone directory, so that it may aid him in making dates with those of the fairer sex.

To Madeline Cole, the tiniest girl, and one of the most quiet in the class, we leave an appropriate, little lamb.

To Edward Connally, our star south paw pitcher, a book on "How to Pitch Hay", which he may find useful on his annual trip to Becket.

To Margaret Connally, the most carefree girl, a memorandum, as we fear she will need it for future use.

To Jennimae Cooper, a set of crayons, which she may use in her sketch work in her New York studio.

To Eugenie Corrinet, our most popular girl, a date book, in which she may keep her numerous engagements.

To William Crowley, the originator of the famous orchestra, "The Crowley Jazz Hounds", a package of 1000 cards which he may use to advertise his orchestra.

To Miss Cullen, our disturber of peace, a horn, so that she can make plenty of noise in the future.

To Gerald Davis, a clown, to remind him of his antics during the four years of high school.

To Stella Dansereau, our most studious girl, a Webster's Dictionary, so that she may increase her knowledge.

To Virginia Denison, our class giggler, a jack-in-the box, so that she may continue to laugh and grow fat.

To George Donald, the flaming member of the class, a bottle of red ink to match his beautiful auburn hair.

To Harold Engleman, our class poet, a book of poems, which we hope will inspire him in his future writings.

To Hubertus Field, a package of grass seed to keep the Field green.

To Vernon Fish, a deep sea fish so that he may be reminded of his aquarium name.

To Grace Genest, our class pet, a rattle so that she may always be amused.

To Alexander Gaylord, salutatorian of our class, a can of varnish with which to finish his brilliant career at P. H. S.

To Lawrence Goddeau, a dancing doll, so that he may learn to "trip the light fantastic."

To Stewart Goodell, a bottle of Slikum, to control his unruly hair.

To Howard Goold, the great radio enthusiast, the original loud speaker, a baby doll.

To Lillian Heroux, a new comb in place of the old one which she so generously allowed the girls to wear out in Room 16.

To James Hickey, our brilliant boy, a can of two-in-one shoe polish so that he may always shine.

To Lawrence Hogue, the would-be physicist of Mr. Bulger's fourth period class, a book on "The Fundamental Principles of Physics", so that he may some day join the ranks as an instructor in this wonderful institution.

To Viola Hutchinson, our cleverest girl, a book of tricks, so that she may continue with her cleverness.

To Julius Jeppessen, a snow plow, which he may attach to the front of his bicycle when he rides into Pittsfield from Pontoosuc Lake on a winter's day.

To Doris Krieger, a life-long subscription to "Vogue", so that she may always be a fashion plate.

To Grace Laramee, our class vamp, a pair of pearl ear rings to make her more alluring.

To Margaret Leahy, one of the jolly members of the class, a fortune telling book, so that she may make the future interesting for others.

To Esther Lipsheez, a United States History book, so that she may be more proficient in the study of history.

To Marybill Mahon, a curling iron, so that she may always keep her curly locks.

To Marguerite May, a book of jokes, so that she may increase her knowledge of wit.

To Thomas Meagher, a tin cricket, which he may use to keep himself from falling asleep.

To Milton Melnik, a hat frame, so that he may start in the millinery business with the knowledge he has acquired from Leon's Hat Shop.

To David Morrison, a first aid kit, which he may have occasion to use when he becomes head doctor of the Morningside Veterinary Hospital.

To Joseph Novick, a bottle of pre-war alcohol, which he may use only for his Dodge car when he goes riding in the winter.

To Mary O'Donnell, our best-natured girl, we leave a doll, for we know she won't get angry.

To Morris Poch, our class musician, a violin on which he may practice, so that he may attain fame in the musical world.

To Daniel Potter, the best pole vaulter in three countries, a jumping pole, so that he may become the next world's champion pole vaulter.

To Ralph Ruschetta, an alarm clock, so that he may get up early enough in the morning, and thus break his tardy record.

To Philip Sagarin, our Greek student, a Greek dictionary, which he may find useful in his college work.

To Benjamin Shusterman, an Irish bull terrier pup, to aid him in establishing a hot dog stand.

To Charles Sullivan, a pair of pliers, so that he may follow in his father's footsteps as a dentist.

To Walter Tarnawa, a bucking broncho, so that he may acquire the art of horse-breaking when he becomes owner of the Lazy Zu Ranch in Peru.

To Clarence Trudell, our champion sprinter, a bottle of 3 in 1 oil to keep him in smooth running condition.

To Arthur Verchot, the smallest member of the stronger sex, a can of shrimps from Silver Lake.

To Charles Wasson, our best boy dancer, a harmonica so that he may make his own dance music.

To Harry Wiener, our class orator, a book of famous orations, so that within the next fifty years he may become as great as Henry Clay.

To William Whalen, a book on "How to Be a Great Football Player", so that he may some day rival "Red" Grange on the gridiron.

And lastly we do nominate and appoint our two lawyers, Peter Schuyler and Robert Burns, to be the executors of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the said class of 1926, have to this our last will and testament, contained on this and the ten preceding sheets of paper set our signature and seal; to wit: our signatures at the bottom of each of the said ten sheets and at the top of the said sheets where all the sheets are fixed together: the fifth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

Witnesses:

William Wildroot,

Henry Ingersoll,

Lotta Sense.

Gladdis Whittlesey, '26.

Peter Garden, '26.

Class Ode

Tune—"Pal of My Cradle Days"

Pittsfield High, Pittsfield High,

Now we rise to sing

Our hymn of praise to thee.

Our faith in you, our love,

loyalty, too,

We pledge in this song to you.

Chorus

Farewell to you, P. H. S.,

Loudly we sing thy praise.

Lessons you have taught us

will guide us through

Days that may win for us

laurels new.

Ever our memory of you

Will call up those friendships true

We have made in your name.

May we ever remain

Loyal to them and you.

Clarence Trudell.

Clever Seniors

Vi C tor Blais

Mi L dred Anthony

Jam E s Hickey

Da V id Morrison

Lawr E nce Goddeau

Ma R ian Barbour

Ru S sel Clarke

Wilfr E d Blais

Je N nie Corrinet

Mar I e Cullen

Vi O la Hutchinson

Edwa R d Connally

Jo S eph Novick



PRO-MERITO

DELPHINA ALLESSIO, "Phinie"

Dawes Grammar School
First Aid Club
Model Girl Student

"May your ever present industriousness guide the ship of your career into the port of shining success".

MILDRED ANTHONY, "Millie"

Crane Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Radio Club
Handwork Club
Etiquette Club

"May Millie, inspired with visions of wealth, Pass thru her life in comfort and health."

MARIAN BARBOUR, "Mike"

Dawes Grammar School
Current Events Club
Glee Club
Student's Pen Club
Junior B Vice President
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee

"May you have no flat tires as you go speeding down the avenue of life."

WENDELL BURNEAU, "Sheik"

Dawes Grammar School
Public Speaking Club
Class Sheik

"Still water runs deep, so they say, May good luck ever come your way."

GERALD BROWN, "Brownie"

Pomeroy Grammar School
Glee Club

"A little cunning and rather shy, As his nickname would imply."

BERTHA BENNETT, "Berta"

Crane Grammar School
Etiquette Club
First Aid Club

"Fellowship is the most tender and gentle, yet exacting force in the universe."

WILFRED BLAIS, "Willy"

Dawes Grammar School
Treasurer of Senior A and B Class

Personals

Senior Hop Committee
Junior Prom Committee
Radio Club
Current Events Club
Debating Club
Glee Club
Toast to Athletes

"Of all our nice boys, we can say, 'One of our best is Wilfred Blais'."

VICTOR BLAIS, "Vic"

Dawes Grammar School
Cleverest Boy
Wittiest Boy
C. M. T. C.
Radio Club
Glee Club
Current Events Club
Hi-Y
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
Secretary Junior A Class
Toast to Faculty

"Hats off! Le voici! He's a peach, we'll all agree."

CHARLOTTE CHAPMAN, "Chappie"

Pomeroy Grammar School
Glee Club
Student's Pen Club
Home Room Officer
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee

"A peach of a girl, A wonderful friend, This is Chappie to the end."

FRANCIS CAMPION, "Fran"

Plunkett Grammar School
C. M. T. C.
Current Events Club
Basketball '24, '25
Baseball '25
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
Home Room Officer
Handsome Boy

"Tall of stature, fair of face, Among our sheiks, he holds first place."

EUGENIE CORRINET, "Jennie"

Bartlett Grammar School
Glee Club
Student's Pen
Junior A Treasurer
Junior Prom Committee
Class Prophecy
Home Room Officer
Most Popular Girl
Cutest Girl

*"Cute as the cutest are,
That's our Jennie."*

MARIE CULLEN, "Len"

Redfield Grammar School
Handwork Club
Etiquette Club
Debating Club
Student Council
Home Room Officer

*"When ever we think of you, Marie,
We'll think of your outbursts of good-natured
glee."*

RUSSEL CLARKE, "Russ"

Mercer Grammar School
Radio Club
Student's Pen Club
Glee Club
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
Cutest Boy

*"There'll be weeping and wailing when he de-
parts,
For he'll leave behind many broken hearts."*

JENNIMAE COOPER, "Jennie"

Pontoosuc School
Pro Merito
Handwork Club
First Aid Club

*"Though not heard from very often, we can count
on Jennie to do her bit."*

MADELINE COLE, "Kitten"

Craneville Grammar School, Dalton,
Mass.
Dalton High School '21, '22
Glee Club

*"Maiden! With meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies."*

MARGARET CONNALLY, "Peg"

Crane Grammar School
Secretary of Radio Club '24-'25
Most Carefree Girl

*"I like thy self-complacent air,
I like thy ways so free from care."*

EDWARD CONNALLY, "Lefty"

Crane Grammar School
Class President
Home Room Officer
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
C. M. T. C.

Current Events Club
Radio Club
Baseball '22-'23-'24-'25
Basketball '24-'25
Most Carefree Boy
Best Natured Boy
Most Popular Boy

*"I like thy self-complacent air,
I like thy ways so free from care."*

WILLIAM CROWLEY, "Bill"

Mercer Grammar School
Debating Club
Track '24
Yale '25

*"In the Marathon of your career,
We're sure you'll leave failure in the rear."*

GEORGE DONALD, "Red"

Dawes Grammar School
Vice President '24
Glee Club
Track '23-'24
Yale '25
Junior Prom Committee

"May he come out first in the long run."

STELLA DANSEREAU, "Stell"

Mercer Grammar School
Handwork Club
Etiquette Club
Junior Prom Committee
Speaker at Graduation
Pro Merito
Quietest Girl

*"Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glow-
ing wine;*

*"Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a
diamond shine."*

VIRGINIA DENISON, "Ginny"

Rice Grammar School
Class Giggler
Student Council

*"May her giggles ring as true in the future, as
they did at P. H. S."*

GERALD DAVIS

Plunkett Grammar School

*"Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often as brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled from the planet world."*

HAROLD ENGELMAN, "Hal"

Plunkett Grammar School
Hi-Y

C. M. T. C.
Personals
Etiquette Club
Junior Prom Committee
Class Poet

*"In a world that rings with poet's fame,
Hal has already made his name."*

HUBERTUS FIELD, "Bertie"

Mercer Grammar School
Mathematics Club
Radio Club
Pro Merito

*"When you tune in on Bertie, believe me,
you're sure to get the latest in movie thrillers."*

VERNON FISH, "Bunny"

Mercer Grammar School
Orchestra

*"Oh, Bunny's not so quiet when you know him
He's a right good fellow after all."*

PETER GARDEN, "Pete"

Pomeroy Grammar School
Treasurer of Junior B Class
Vice President of Senior B and A Classes
Etiquette Club
Student's Pen Club
Pro Merito
Senior Hop Committee
Class Will

*"Here's to our Vice President, so loyal and so
true,
One who is ever ready—the best in him to do."*

ALEXANDER GAYLORD, "Alec"

Dawes Grammar School
Student's Pen Club
Class History
Salutatorian
Pro Merito
Home Room Officer

"May his future be as bright as his hair."

GRACE GENEST, "Gracie"

Redfield Grammar School
Glee Club
Senior Hop Committee
Junior Prom Committee
Class Pet

*"Cheerful, always good natured is Gracie, our
Class Pet."*

LAWRENCE GODDEAU, "Lawnie"

Dawes Grammar School
Secretary of the class '24-'25
Senior Hop Committee
Glee Club
Student's Pen Club
Class History
Prom Committee
Home Room Officer

*"Where there is mischief, you'll find Law-
nie."*

HOWARD GOOLD, "Howie"

Crane Grammar School
Mathematics Club
Pro Merito
Class History
Home Room Officer
Quietest Boy
Toast master

*"Very quiet, makes no noise,
But he is one of our most popular boys."*

STUART GOODELL, "Stuart"

Mercer Grammar School
Radio Club

*"When it comes right down to cold facts, Stuart's
right there!"*

LILLIAN HEROUX, "Lil"

Pontoosuc Grammar School
Glee Club
Handwork Club

*"Lillian is just a peach of a girl, and we wish
her the best success in the world."*



CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1926

JAMES HICKEY, "Jimmy"

Mercer Grammar School
 Secretary of Junior B Class
 Student Council
 Valedictorian
 Pro Merito
 Model Boy Student
 Personals

*"Jimmy is our brightest boy,
 But, with the girls, is rather coy."*

VIOLA HUTCHINSON, "Vi"

Redfield Grammar School
 Glee Club
 Personals
 Pro Merito
 Speaker at Graduation
 Junior Prom Committee
 Cleverest Girl

*"No words of ours can e'er express, how very
 clever Viola is."*

LAWRENCE HOGUE, "Hoguie"

Rice Grammar School
 Radio Club
 Etiquette Club

*"To be seen, but not heard, seems to be his
 motto."*

JULIUS JEPPESEN, "Jep"

Pontoosuc Grammar School
*"To live as gently as I can;
 To be, no matter where, a man."*

DORIS KRIGER, "Doree"

Bartlett Grammar School
 Handwork Club
 Class Fashion Plate
*"As nice a girl as you'd care to meet,
 In the problem of clothes,
 She has the whole class beat."*

GRACE LARAMEE, "Larry"

Rice Grammar School
 Handwork Club
 First Aid Club
 Class Vamp
 Best Dancer
*"Her air had a meaning, her movements a
 grace."*

MARGARET LEAHY, "Peg"

Crane Grammar School
 Etiquette Club
 First Aid Club
 Handwork Club
 Junior Prom Committee
"May 'Peg' do justice to her H. A. Course"

MARYBILL MAHON, "Mary"

Pomeroy Grammar School
 Handwork Club

*"With you, Mary, go our heartiest wishes for
 success and happiness."*

MARGUERITE MAY, "Babe"

Dawes Grammar School
 Student Council
 Junior Prom Committee
 Senior Hop Committee
 Glee Club
 Current Events Club
 Pro Merito
 Toast to the Boys
 Wittiest Girl

"Oh, thou dear 'Babe' divine."

MILTON MELNIK, "Millie"

Bartlett Grammar School
 Mathematic's Club

*"For such a figure as 'Millie',
 Life holds no insoluble problems."*

THOMAS MEAGHER, "Tommy"

Pomeroy Grammar School
 Baseball '24-'25

*"Tommy with his car has any modern taxi beat
 a mile."*

DAVID MORRISON, "Dave"

Dawes Grammar School
 Junior Prom Committee

*"May 'Dave' always make as good a mark,
 As he has made as history shark."*

MARY O'DONNELL, "Toots"

Mercer Grammar School
 Pro Merito
 Handwork Club
 Etiquette Club
 Junior Prom Committee
 Senior Hop Committee
 Home Room Officer
 Best Natured Girl

*"We'll lose our 'Toots' with a sigh,
 For we'll miss her laugh and her roguish eye."*

MICHAEL NOVICK, "Joey"

Mercer Grammar School
C. M. T. C.
Current Events Club

*"To be the same when I'm alone,
As when my every deed is known."*

MORRIS POCH, "Pochie"

Redfield Grammar School
Leader of Orchestra
Current Events Club
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
Glee Club
Class Musician

*"May he fiddle his way to fame, and attain a
success nothing short of Kreisler's."*

DANIEL POTTER, "Dan"

Pontoosuc Grammar School
Football '23-'24-'25
Track '24-'25
Hi-Y
Student Council

*"May he plough thru the line of obstacles to the
goal line success."*

RALPH RUSCETTA, "Al"

Plunkett Grammar School
Glee Club
Etiquette Club

*"A more mannerly, nicer fellow would be hard
to find."*

PHILIP SAGARIN, "Phil"

Mercer Grammar School
Mathematic's Club
Class Bluff
Address to under graduates

*"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."*

EMMANUEL SATRAPE, "Em"

Student's Pen Club

"A deep thinker and a hard worker."

BENJAMIN SHUSTERMAN, "Bennie"

Mercer School
Current Events Club
Debating Club
Football '25
Radio Club

*"You may search far and wide, but a nicer
fellow would be hard to find."*

CHARLES SULLIVAN, "Chuck"

Redfield Grammar School
Football '24-'25
Baseball '25
Current Events Club
C. M. T. C.
Hi-Y

*"A popular boy, a regular Sheik—
That's Chuck!"*

WALTER TARNAWA, "Walt"

Bartlett Grammar School
Debating Club

*"May he find the greatest success in all his un-
dertakings."*

CLARENCE TRUDELL, "Clare"

Mercer Grammar School
Orchestra
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Hop Committee
Track '23-'24-'25
Football '22-'23-'24

*"May he be as popular in future years, as he
has been with the girls of P. H. S."*

ARTHUR VERCHOT, "Baron"

Bartlett Grammar School
Junior Prom Committee

"Why stay we on this earth except to grow?"

CHARLES WASSON, "Chuck"

Crane Grammar School
Radio Club
Best boy dancer

*"Don't all rush, girls; take your time;
For to dance with Chuck, you must stand in
line."*

HAROLD WEINER, "Beef"

Mercer Grammar School
Debating Club
C. M. T. C.
Current Events
Student Council
Football '25
Class Prophecy
Class Orator

*"A jolly good fellow, a wonderful friend,
A remarkable speaker right to the end."*

WILLIAM WHALEN, "Billy"

Mercer Grammar School
Baseball '22-'23-'24-'25
Football '23-'24-'25
Basketball '22-'23-'24
Student Council
Hi-Y
Current Events
Class Athlete
Toast to Girls

"Hail, the conquering Hero Comes!"

Bill y
Whale n"

GLADDIS WHITTLESEY, "Bab"

Mercer Grammar School
Orchestra
Student's Pen Club
Home Room Officer
Senior Hop Committee
Class Will
Prettiest Girl

*"Bab can play, Bab can dance,
And leave it to "Bab" to find romance".*

Herewith are respectfully submitted the Personals of the class of 1926.

Viola G. Hutchinson,
James Hickey
Harold Englemann.

Scholarship Honors

CENTRAL BUILDING

First Honor,
Second Honor,

James Matthew Hickey
Alexander James Gaylord

COMMERCIAL BUILDING

First Honor,
Second Honor,

Ida H. Lussier
Adele Elizabeth Palmer

PRO-MERITO

Jenniema Cooper
Stella May Dansereau
Hubertus Blodgett Field
Peter Thomas Garden
Alexander James Gaylord
Howard Parker Goad
James Matthew Hickey

Viola Gertrude Hutchinson
Gertrude Julia Johnson
Geraldine Frances Karner
Esther Lipsheez
Ida H. Lussier
Marguerite Charlotte May
Mary Teresa O'Donnell

Adele Elizabeth Palmer

SPECIAL AWARDS

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Esther Lipsheez

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for
Excellence in Mathematics and Science
Alexander James Gaylord

Awards for Proficiency in Typewriting
Beatrice Annastatia Champagne
Sadye S. Goldstein
Ida H. Lussier
Florence Louise Sagarin

Senior Class Banquet

As *The Pen* goes to press there is great planning and preparation among the dignified Senior A's for the Class Banquet which is to be held in the Hotel Wendell ballroom on the evening of February 2nd, 1926.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster,	Howard Goold
Toast to the Faculty,	Victor Blais
Toast to the Girls,	William Whalen
Toast to the Boys,	Marguerite May
Toast to the Athletes,	Wilfred Blais
Remarks by our Superintendent,	Dr. John T. Gannon
Remarks by our Principal,	Mr. Roy M. Strout
Remarks by our Advisor,	Miss Ruth E. Clifford

SENIOR A CLASS OFFICERS

President—Edward Connally
 Vice-President—Peter Garden
 Secretary—Lawrence A. Goddeau
 Treasurer—Wilfred Blais

Graduation Program

Wednesday Evening, January 27th, 1926

AMERICA—THE HEIR OF ALL THE AGES

Concert from 7.45 to 8.15	High School Glee Club and Orchestra
March	
Ancient Eastern Countries	Adele Elizabeth Palmer
<i>"The East is the cradle of our civilization."</i>	
Greece	Alexander Gaylord
<i>"Except the blind forces of Nature, there is nothing that moves in the world today that is not Greek in origin."</i>	
Rome	Viola Hutchinson
<i>"The torch of learning passed from Greece to Rome."</i>	
Concerto for Violin No. 7—De Beriot	Morris Poch
Europe of The Renaissance,	Stella Dansereau
<i>"Suddenly all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking, And every one smiles at his neighbor, and tells him his soul is his own!"</i>	
Later European Influences,	Ida H. Lussier
<i>"American history is the continuation and the outgrowth of the history of Europe."</i>	
America—The Product of Her Heritage,	James Hickey
<i>"America—half brother to the world."</i>	
Announcement of Pro-Merito Appointments and Awards	
John B. Cummings, Chairman of School Committee	
Presentation of Diplomas,	His Honor, Mayor Fred T. Francis
Class Song,	Words by Clarence Trudell

Who's Who at Commercial

MARGUERITE BUTLER

The prettiest in the class is Marguerite,
 Quiet, shy, with disposition sweet,
 We hope the future holds in store
 Pleasant friendships—joy galore.

MARION BRUCE

As class entertainer, Marion's the best,
 Which makes her so unlike the rest,
 And for this reason we love her so
 And ne'er will forget her where'er she go.

LILLIAN BUSHWAY

She's just as sweet as her name,
 May success be hers and also fame;
 Lilly Bushway is the one,
 A lively girl and full of fun.

BEATRICE CHAMPAGNE

Business is her middle name,
 Yes, I mean Beatrice Champagne,
 And some day I hope she'll be,
 The President's Secretary. We'll see.

LEE CHESNEY

From Central High did she come,
 And soon our friendship she had won;
 She learned to like the business course,
 Till now she leaves Commercial's doors

GILBERT DAY

As an artist Gilbert Day will shine,
 His pictures are all regarded as fine;
 Flapper Fanny is his special line,
 And he can draw them any time.

MINA DECKER

Mina is the shortest one,
 Always happy, full of fun,
 But if you have some work to do,
 She will help until you're through.

ARTHUR FEIL

Our president, Arthur, is popular and gay,
 And a class meeting we wanted every day,
 For Arthur conducted them so well,
 That we consider him a friend and pal.

GLADYS FIDDERMAN

Gladys is one of those quiet lasses,
 Who ranks high in all her classes,
 We wish her success out in the world,
 A sure reward for such a girl.

KATHRYN GODDEAU

Kitty with her eyes so blue,
 Always gay and happy, too,
 We will miss her when she goes,
 This is true as each one knows.

SADYE GOLDSTEIN

Sadye is our orator,
 The life of all the corridor,
 For when Sadye starts to recite,
 We all listen with great delight.

GERTRUDE GOODRICH

Gertrude Goodrich is a pretty lass,
 And the most carefree in her class,
 But her lessons she always did,
 And a helping hand she liked to give.

BETTY HALPERIN

A girl with a curl and a winsome smile,
 Betty's the girl with a quite chic style.
 A school teacher Betty intends to be,
 And in the future this we'll see.

GERTRUDE JOHNSON

A helping hand she always gave,
 To see the pupils come and save,
 Gertrude Johnson is the one I mean,
 A girl so quiet and keen.

GERALDINE KARNER

Geraldine Karner, yes, is tall,
 And surely is loved by one and all,
 In her classes she was bright,
 And only did what she knew was right.

MARY KEARNEY

Unanimously she walked off with the
 vote,
 The cutest girl in her class, she can boast,
 This girl is Mary Kearney, you see,
 And we all love her very dearly.

IDA LUSSIER

She held our purse strings good and tight
 With all her power, strength and might;
 She was conservative with our class tax,
 And ambition's the thing she never lacks.

HELEN LYNCH

Helen, a demure little lass,
 Is the poet in our class,
 She is quiet and prim,
 And therefore always wins.

MILDRED MARSHALL

When it comes to working,
Milly Marshall's one
Who never thinks of shirking,
As work to her means fun.

ADELE PALMER

To speak Adele did never like,
But now she must graduation night,
Honors have come to her unsought,
But all with hard studying fraught.

MARY RAY

Senior Hop—Junior Prom,
Who's the girl that's always on—
Always helps in every way?
I know her name; it's Mary Ray.

FLORENCE SAGARIN

Flo Sagarin is witty and keen,
In fact the wittiest we have seen,
And no doubt she also is clever,
And our thoughts of her will remain for-
ever.

LIBBY SLOSMAN

Libby's good natured and kind,
Like her another is hard to find,
We know that in the days to come,
Success and honors she will have won.

CAROLYN STICKLES

Carolyn is so modest and shy,
And also such a clever lass,
We do not need to wonder why
She succeeds in every class.

SARAH VAN BUREN

Sarah is jolly, bright and gay,
We like her because she's that way,
And hope that when the day does come,
She will accept someone's son.

Sadye Goldstein,
'26 Commercial

Senior Hop

Refreshments

Mildred Marshall
Mary Ray
Florence Sagarin

Decoration

Gladys Fiddaman
Mary Kearney
Sarah Van Buren

Tickets

Arthur Feil

Publicity

Sadye Goldstein
Ida Lussier

Posters

Gilbert Day

Guests

Dr. and Mrs. William Kelley
Mr. and Mrs. Fred McClatchey
Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald
Mr. Martin McMahan
Mrs. A. W. Pierce
Dr. and Mrs. John F. Gannon
Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Strout
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Ford
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Goodwin
Miss Catherine A. Baker
Mrs. Anna Bennett
Miss Ella Casey

Miss Ruth E. Clifford
Miss Marjorie G. Day
Miss Elizabeth Enright
Miss Margaret Kaliher
Miss Mary Kelley
Miss Grace McSweeney
Miss Rachel Morse
Miss Mary O'Bryan
Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer
Miss Virginia Sayles
Miss Anna Solon
Miss Florence Waite
MARY E. RAY,
Mary E. Ray, Secretary.

Class Prophecy

HUSH! What is that? Stealthy footsteps approach my bed. I am speechless with fright. Suddenly a rough bag is thrust over my head and I am hurried outside to a waiting car and am soon speeding away, a captive! What is to be my fate?

At last, after speeding at a furious rate for many miles, the car was brought to an abrupt stop and I was led into a log cabin and thrust roughly into one corner, where I lay in a huddled heap. My captors, consisting of several muffled figures, left me and went into an adjoining room. I listened in an effort to overhear their conversation. One voice in particular held my attention. Strange to say it reminded me of good old Commercial High.

Presently there was a scraping of chairs and the men went out. Silence reigned supreme for a while, but was soon broken by the footsteps of someone approaching. I looked up, then sank back, faint with surprise, for there before me stood—Arthur Feil!

"Arthur Feil!" I managed to gasp.

He smiled, and said in his old confidential way, "The very same."

He then proceeded to tell me how he had fallen in with a band of desperados and had himself become a bandit. Since I was an old classmate, he helped me to escape in The Feil Speed King, a car of which he was the manufacturer. It was early morning before I was on my way. I sped away as fast as I could and by the time I reached Bingville, a small village, my radiator was boiling. Noticing a little red school house, I stopped to get some water for the radiator. On entering the school-house, I was astonished to find the little school teacher to be none other than Betty Halperin, who was kind enough to get me a bucket of water from the well. I asked her how she came to be in this desolate place and she told me that being tired of the city life and longing for a life of peace and quiet, she came here where she was able to secure this high position. I thanked Betty for the water and hurriedly left for home.

I must have been hurrying a little too fast, for I was stopped by a bobbed haired Police woman, a most uncommon sight in 1940. Horrors! It was Mildred Marshall, she who had at Commercial escaped the lure of the barber's shears. Seeing that I was a classmate, she refrained from arresting me. She told me that Sadye Goldstein was a judge. This did not surprise me, as Sadye always used to manage things at school and could settle any difficult argument.

Leaving Mildred, I rode on until I reached another little town. Being hungry, I stopped at a nearby restaurant. I found it was owned and managed by an old classmate, Gladys Fidderman, who specialized in putting rims around doughnut holes.

After eating plentifully of those rims, which I can assure you were delicious, I went to the desk to pay my bill. The cashier proved to be Gertrude Johnson. After a friendly chat with Gertrude, I left the restaurant.

I was walking toward the place where my car was parked when I noticed a crowd of people gathered before a store window. Impelled by curiosity, I went over to see what it was all about. I elbowed my way through the crowd and saw Lee Chesney in the window demonstrating the latest gowns from Paris. I hurried

into the store and at last managed to gain an interview with her. She was delighted to see me and told me that Florence Sagarin was now a teacher in a deaf and dumb school. Florence always was so quiet!

Finally I started the car and was home within an hour. I thought I would glance over the paper before dinner was served. In glaring headlines the following words reached my eyes: "Marguerite Butler, World Famous Beauty, seriously ill in Hinsdale with an acute attack of measles." Poor Marguerite, I hoped her flawless complexion would not be marred. I turned to the next page and read the following: "Madam Loudyellsky, world famous prima donna, will be unable to appear in her act at the Woozy Opera House as she is suffering from a hard cold." Reading further down the page I learned that her maiden name was Lillian Bushway. That is what I would call a coincidence. Poor Marguerite. Poor Lillian.

That evening I attended the theater with a friend. The program included Pathe News, a feature picture, and vaudeville acts. The feature picture was called, "The Sweet Girl Graduate." The heroine proved to be a Commercial graduate, Libby Slosman. In Pathe News I learned much about the fates of some of my old classmates. First came a picture of Beatrice Champagne, the famous lady Prohibition officer, with a band of bootleggers she had recently captured. Another picture followed showing the noted cartoonist, Gilbert Day as he was about to sail for Germany where he was to draw pictures for the amusement of the ex-Kaiser's great grand-children. Next appeared a scene which showed Mina Decker, inventor-ess of non-skid butter, handing slices of bread, covered with the delicious Decker Non-Skid Butter, to ragged, emaciated little children of the East Side. Closing the news reel was a picture which showed Gertrude Goodrich, famous pianist, about to sail for England, where she was to play before the King and Queen. Then the lights went on. The vaudeville acts began. The first to appear was Marion Bruce, in a dancing skit. Marion had not changed a bit in appearance. She danced gracefully and received three bouquets from admiring patrons, and also thundering applause from the large audience.

At last the show was over. As I was putting on my coat, I glanced around and saw a little woman, stylishly dressed, whose hands flashed with diamonds, and who was leaning on the arm of an elderly man. On inquiry, I learned that her name was Mrs. Coin, formerly Mary Kearney, and one of my old school-mates. I tried to reach her side to speak to her, but was prevented from doing so by the large crowd of people who hemmed me in on every side.

Before reaching home, an incident occurred in which I met another former classmate. My chauffeur, while driving the car through the dense traffic, struck a little Pekinese dog which, upon investigation, we learned belonged to Sarah Van Buren who was now Mrs. Gettum Greenback. Her only consolation was her dog, Fifi, as her husband cared more for money than he did for his wife.

The next day as I was returning from the city, I was caught in the heavy traffic which one finds in the city at 5 P. M. when—CRASH!! I was pinned in such a position that I was unable to move. Kind hands lifted me and I was taken to the hospital. I was greeted by a pair of loving eyes and I believe my fever ran up to 104 when I saw Mary Ray as my nurse. With such a good and kind nurse, I recovered immediately and after a short time I was allowed to leave the hospital. On going to

the office to pay my bill, I found myself speaking to Ida Lussier, who was now supervisor of this hospital. As Ida always was too bashful in her school days to ask for class-tax, so was she bashful this day and would not permit me to pay my hospital bill. Ida was loved by all the patients and nurses, and in fact, everyone who knew her. I was only sorry that I had to bid her goodbye so soon.

As soon as I was able, I went to see my attorney, Geraldine Karner, in regard to the accident I had met with. After we had settled the matter of business, we chatted. Geraldine told me that Adele Palmer and Helen Lynch had started an office across the street to give advice to the love-lorn. Helen had told Geraldine that her first patient had been Carolyn Stickles. It seems that Carolyn had a quarrel with her lover and had come for advice.

Suddenly remembering an appointment, I left the office. I was about to cross the street when I heard someone say, "There she goes now: that's Kathryn Goddeau, D. W. Griffith's latest find. She makes an ideal, blue-eyed vamp."

Sure enough, I turned around and there was Kathryn. She recognized me at once, and I hurried over. Greetings were soon over and we were earnestly chatting.

"Have you heard about Arthur," she asked in a whisper?

"Why——"

My answer was interrupted by a newsy near by, who started yelling "Extra", at the top of his lungs. We both purchased a paper and frantically scanned the headlines. We read as follows:

"Former Bandit Reformed. Arthur Feil, once notorious bandit, has turned over a new leaf and is now studying for the ministry."

We both breathed sighs of relief. I then proceeded to tell her about my experience with Arthur and his bandits.

We had a long talk and Kathryn ended it by inviting me over to her home.

"Let's have a class reunion in honor of Arthur," she said.

"Fine, when will it be?" I asked.

"I'll plan to have it Tuesday evening," she replied.

"All right then, I'll see you Tuesday."

With these words I left her, wishing ardently for Tuesday to come.

*Kathryn Goddeau,
Sadye Goldstein.*

Last Will and Testament of the February Class '26, Commercial

WE, the February class of 1926 of the Commercial Department of the High School, of the city of Pittsfield, county of Berkshire and state of Massachusetts, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make public and declare the following as and for our last will and testament.

First: To Mr. Ford we leave the privilege of standing on traffic in the place of those who forget.

Second: To Miss Downs we leave the privilege of saying, "You're not like my Senior B's."

Third: To Mr. Murray we do bequeath Room 8 in order that he may make it a refrigerator for cold storage. We also hope that some day he will meet a pupil whose favorite subject is Civics.

Fourth: To Miss Mangan we leave the echoes of our sweet voices, which shall linger in Room 3.

Fifth: To Miss Baker we leave the privilege of conducting Etiquette Class with such frank and outspoken seniors as we are.

Sixth: To Miss McGill we do bequeath the bank and all its money.

Seventh: On Miss Reiser we bestow the privilege of dictating 200 words a minute on new matter. We took only 250.

Eighth: To Miss Enright we leave the privilege of looking for slips from the typewriting pupils who should study in her room.

Ninth: On Miss O'Bryan we bestow the privilege of having a quiet and peaceful study room during the sixth period, without being molested by boisterous seniors.

Tenth: To Miss McSweeney we leave the privilege of teaching in the new High School, that is, if we ever have one.

Eleventh: To Mrs. Volin we leave the privilege of selecting from the Senior B class a girl who will serve as cook and cashier.

Individual Bequests

Item: Arthur Feil leaves Parker Savage the privilege of wearing the biggest shoes in the class.

Item: Marguerite Butler bequeaths her title of class beauty to Mildred Chown, and also leaves her favorite place in the bus to anyone who may have the honor of living in Hinsdale.

Item: Marian Bruce leaves her privilege of being Miss Downs' only pet to anyone who wishes it, and also leaves her favorite saying, "Who ever heard of you," to Irene Sheridan.

Item: Lillian Bushway and Mary Kearney leave their privilege of having confidential chats with Miss Mangan to anyone who can fill the office. Lillian also leaves her sunny smile to cheer the incoming Sophomores.

Item: Beatrice Champagne wishes she could leave some of her brains to the Senior B's, but is afraid she might need them in trying to learn and know the Constitution of the United States as well as Mr. Murray does.

Item: Lee Chesney leaves Sarah Boxer the privilege of changing her name to Sonya or any other name she wishes.

Item: Mina Decker leaves the Sophomore B's the privilege of becoming sophomore A's in February.

Item: Gladys Fiddaman, the class mother, hopes the Senior B mamma will have as good children as she has had.

Item: Kathryn Goddeau leaves her code language to Sybil Sexton, that is, if she can decipher it.

Item: Sadye Goldstein leaves her world-famous title of chatterbox to Peggy Allan, and advises her to use this privilege in Miss Downs' classes only.

Item: Gertrude Goodrich bequeaths her perfect attendance record to Milly Chown. They both try to make it a practice to visit the school as often as possible.

Item: Betty Halperin leaves her studious nature to the undergraduates.

Item: Gertrude Johnson leaves her position of going to the bank every month to any Senior B who thinks he is as capable as she.

Item: Geraldine Karner and Carolyn Stickles bequeath their boisterous and noisy habits to the quiet Sophomore B's.

Item: Ida Lussier leaves the Senior B secretary the privilege of saying those most welcome words, "Class Tax is due."

Item: Helen Lynch leaves her poetical nature to Frances Drinon so that she may use it in the future.

Item: Mildred Marshall bequeaths her position of responsibility and importance in the multigraph room to Parker Savage even tho he is not as capable as she.

Item: Adele Palmer leaves the undergraduates the privilege of writing on the blotters in room 4 as Miss McGill admires artistic taste.

Item: Mary Ray and Libby Slossman bequeath their devoted friendship to anyone who can acquire and retain as great a friendship as theirs has been throughout their high school career. Their motto is, "To have a friend is to be one."

Item: Florence Sagarin leaves her position of high standing with Mr. Murray to the following Civics classes.

Item: Sarah Van Buren bequeaths her ribbon bands to anyone who takes a fancy to them.

In testimony, whereof, we, the said class of 1926, have to this, our last will and testament, contained on three sheets of paper, and to every sheet thereof, and to this last sheet thereof, subscribed our name and offered our seal this twenty-third day of January in the Year of Our Lord, nineteen-hundred and twenty-six.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the heretofore mentioned Class of 1926, for their last will and testament in presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

(Signed)

Witnesses:

Marguerite Butler,

Sarah Van Buren,

Arthur Feil.

Beatrice Champagne,

Marian Bruce,

Gertrude Goodrich.

Address to the Senior B's

ON the twenty-sixth day of January, nineteen hundred twenty-six, we, the present Senior A class of Commercial High School, shall leave this institution of knowledge to carve our way in the world. Before we go, however, we wish to say a few words to our successors, the Senior B's.

First of all we congratulate you upon being our successors. This in itself is no small honor for as Senior A's we won an enviable reputation for quietness and order. Follow our good example that you may receive a royal welcome to Miss Mangan's

home room, where we hope you will try to lessen the sorrow caused by our leaving Room 3.

You will enjoy the distinction of standing back of the counter to serve your lower classmen at lunch hour. See to it that you have profited by the orderly conduct of the present Senior A's.

Let Sadye Goldstein's untiring efforts in having lead us to be 100% Bankers be an inspiration to you "to go and do likewise", cherish the high honor of seeing the card 100% Banking on your home room door and let it never fail to greet you each Monday morning.

As great as these honors are, there is yet another, one that soars over all the others. Fortunate indeed in she who is chosen as the private secretary to Mr. Ford, second only to the principalship is the honor that is soon to be yours. See to it that all the graces and charms necessary to this position so natural to us may be imitated by you.

In conclusion, we sincerely hope and trust that you will follow our good examples, and leave Commercial, as we are now leaving, the most brilliant class ever graduated.

*Marguerite Butler.
Geraldine Karner.*

Viola Hutchinson: "There's one thing I want to know."

James Hickey: "Yes?"

Viola: "Who waters the bulbs at the electric light plant?"

* * * *

Russ. Clarke: "What are you studying in Economics?"

Bab Whittlesey: "The Grant twins—Emma Grant and Imma Grant."

* * * *

Grace Laramie: "Money talks, they say. What language does it speak?"

Francis Campion: "Czeck, of course."

* * * *

"Jennie," inquired Mrs. Corrinet suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Goodness, Mother," replied Jennie, "what's the use of washing a fish that's lived all its life in water?"

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "What do you know about the Caribbeans?"

Bill Whalen: "Hoe 'em and water 'em regularly."

* * * *

Connally: "I want a book for a high school boy."

Clerk: "How about Fielding?"

Connally: "I dunno. Got anything on base-running?"

History of the Class of 1926

AS if under the touch of a magic hand, my thoughts glide back to the greatest event in the history of Pittsfield High School.

It was on a clear, frosty day in February in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-two that it happened. A group of courageous girls and boys, with bright, eager eyes, walked confidently into the austere, awe-inspiring edifice known as the Pittsfield High School.

Though conditions were strange, it did not take these clever boys and girls long to adjust themselves and begin their journey to a bright, and successful career.

At the beginning of our second semester, we were sent over to Commercial where our energies were bent on becoming first-class business men and women. In what seemed to us a very short time, the first year had sped by.

In February, 1923, we again resumed our studies as sophomores, still eager to learn, still striving to advance in all our work.

With careful and wise deliberation we chose our class officers, with Miss Baker as our class advisor. All too quickly our second year of learning passed by.

In February, 1924, we entered our classes as Juniors with ever-increasing ambitions for success. It was during this year that a great loss befell us. Our beloved classmate, Edwin Connelly was drowned at Richmond Pond. The class was deeply grieved at his death as he was an extremely popular student.

As Junior A's our interest and efforts were centered on a successful Junior Prom. A success it was, in fact, the greatest success in many years. Thus another year joined its predecessors.

In February, 1925, we resumed our studies as dignified Senior B's. This was to be the last year of our High School career, so we resolved to make it the best.

We immediately selected our class ring, using good taste and judgment.

On February 10, 1925, our beloved teacher, Miss Marion Farrell, entered to her Eternal Home. The teachers and students were granted permission to attend her funeral.

As Senior A's we began the last great step of our career.

The first social event of the early fall was the marriage of Miss Roy. As the marriage ceremony took place at eight o'clock, we were given an opportunity to attend.

Shortly after this we welcomed to our school, Miss Enright and Miss Reiser.

Then came the plans for a Senior Hop. You know, without a doubt, it was the greatest success of our school life.

Now our happy days at the High School of Commerce are fast drawing to a close. As we stand on the threshold of our parting, we bid you a fond farewell, and remind you that,

"Heights by students reached and kept
Are not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

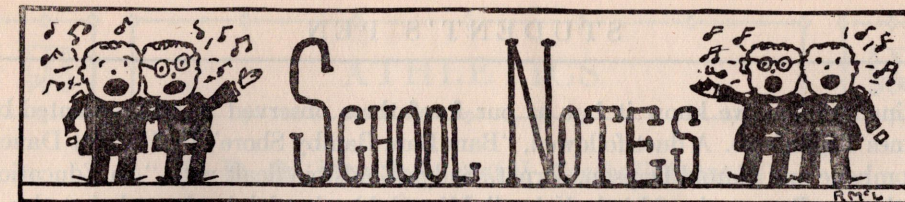
*Ida Lussier, Libby Slossman,
Helen Lynch, Mary Ray.*

Class Statistics

Most Popular Girl.....	Mary Ray
Most Business Like.....	Beatrice Champagne
Cleverest Girl.....	Ida Lussier
Wittiest Person.....	Florence Sagarin
Chic Girl.....	Betty Halperin
Prettiest Girl.....	Marguerite Butler
Prettiest Eyes.....	Libby Slossman
Prettiest Bob.....	Lee Chesney
Cutest Girl.....	Mary Kearney
Class Mother.....	Gladys Fiddaman
Class Baby.....	Arthur Feil
Class Orator.....	Sadye Goldstein
Class Poet.....	Helen Lynch
Class Artist.....	Gilbert Day
Class Musician.....	Gertrude Goodrich
Class Sport.....	Sarah Van Buren
Class Jester.....	Kathryn Goddeau
Class Sunbeam.....	Adele Palmer
Class Prima Donna.....	Lillian Bushway
Best Entertainer.....	Marion Bruce
Best Helper.....	Mildred Marshall
Best Natured.....	Gertrude Johnson
Quietest Girl.....	Carolyn Stickles
Tallest Person.....	Arthur Feil
Shortest Person.....	Mina Decker
Heaviest Person.....	Geraldine Karner
Lightest Person.....	Gladys Fiddaman

Graduating Class

Marion Bruce	Gertrude Johnson
Lillian Bushway	Mary Kearney
Marguerite Butler	Geraldine Karner
Beatrice Champagne	Ida Lussier
Lee Chesney	Helen Lynch
Mina Decker	Mildred Marshall
Arthur Feil	Adele Palmer
Gladys Fiddaman	Mary Ray
Gertrude Goodrich	Florence Sagarin
Sadye Goldstein	Libby Slossman
Kathryn Goddeau	Carolyn Stickles
Betty Halperin	Sarah Van Buren



Football Awards

An assembly was held Tuesday, Jan. 12th, to present letters and gold footballs to the members of the 1925 football team. Mr. Strout acted as chairman. The first speaker was Coach Carmody. He thanked the boys for their fine work and for their fighting spirit. He also took this opportunity to praise the team publicly. The Coach thinks we had a splendid team this year—one of the best ever. So do we, boys! The point of the speech was the spirit of the players. This was shown especially after the Kent game. According to the speaker, the spirit of the boys was the main thing, the back-bone of the team. Mr. Strout urged those boys who had gone out this year as substitutes to be sure to come back next year and carry on the spirit in our next team. He then presented the awards to the following boys: "Billy" Whalen, Capt; "Ted" Coombs, Cap. elect; "Bob" Nolan, "Hank" Garrison, "Jimmie" MacIntosh, "Chuck" Sullivan, "Dan" Potter, Ralph Garner, Harold Price, Fred Chester, Edgar Almstead, Jack Harding, "Red" Linger, Howard Ano, "Dick" Russell, Carmen Massimiano, Manager; Benjamin Shusterman, "Mickey" Foster, Donald Hebert, "Pi" Learned, "Bill" Pomeroy, Harvey Weitzel, David Dellert, Harold Weiner, Henry Edwards, and Coach Carmody.

The main speaker was Attorney Harold Goewey. His theme was "Football." He believed that there are two kinds of education—one, for the mind; one for the body. Football, according to him, is necessary in high school and college athletics. He had the opportunity to meet Tryon, one of the foremost football players of the season. When asked if it were true that he was giving up school for professional football, Tryon replied that he would finish his college course. To him, football was only secondary. Old Age might wrest from him the laurels of football, but never could it take away his college degree. Mr. Goewey urged the boys to play the game hard and to get all they could out of it, but not to neglect their school work. As president of the Alumni Association, he spoke for the graduates of P. H. S. telling of their pride in the 1925 record, and their hope that it will be repeated in years to come.

The orchestra played several selections during the program.

At the close of this assembly, a short business meeting of the school was held.

Commercial Notes

Commercial held its first Senior Assembly on the morning of Nov. 25th. This will probably be the last joint assembly of the Senior A's and B's. This idea of holding assemblies by the individual classes to get the student accustomed to appearing before his fellow classmates was first introduced about one year ago.

This assembly, arranged and presented wholly by the Seniors, opened with a march by Ida Lussier at the piano as the students entered the auditorium. Arthur Feil, president of the Senior A class introduced the speakers. "The First Thanks-

giving", not as we know it but as our forefathers observed it, was presented by James Tagliaferro. A duet followed, "Bam Bam Bamby Shore" by Herbert Danes, Trombone and Harold Dapson, cornet. Sadye Goldstein dealt with "An Education Without a Purpose is of Little Value." Miss Goldstein plainly showed that this is all too true. "Lily of the Valley", a piano selection, was interpreted by Miss Geraldine Corkhill. Irving Batchellor has written "The Greatest Possession of All." Miss Ida Lussier showed that this position was "Faith." Two poems were read by Frances Drinon "A Country Boy's Thanksgiving" and "My Mother's Neighbor." Miss Drinon is the author of both of these poems. The frigate "Constitution", better known as "Old Ironsides", is still afloat in Boston harbor. H. P. Savage told the student body, in his talk that we must all have a part in the preservation of this historic warship. Margaret Allan chose "Nursery Rhymes" for her vocal selection. Miss Allan was accompanied at the piano by Miss Corkhill. Geraldine Bradway entertained the audience with a reading, "Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning", by Mark Twain. 'Tis said Mark Twain wrote this of him and his wife. Miss Anne Rodger, president of the Senior B class, assisted in the preparation of the assembly.

Beatrice C champagne
Helen L ynych
Sady E Goldstein
Sara V an Buren
Adel E Palmer
Mary R ay

Carolyn S tickles
Gertrud E Goodrich
Mario N Bruce
Libb I Slosman
Fl O Sagarin
Arthu R Feil

Lee C hesney
Ida L ussier
Min A Decker
Glady S Fidderman
Lillian Bu S hway

Gertrude J O hnson
Arthur F eil

1 9 2 6

Sadye Goldstein, '26 Commercial

ATHLETICS

P. H. S. Has Successful Football Season

With the close of the 1925 football season P. H. S. completed a very successful gridiron campaign. Pittsfield High won all of its league games with the exception of two, which resulted in scoreless ties with Drury. Consequently the league championship remains tied between Pittsfield and Drury. The only two setbacks that Pittsfield received were at the hands of the Kent school team and the Williams College Freshmen. Nevertheless, when these two teams are seriously considered, it is evident that Pittsfield did very well against them. Kent, which was represented by a very strong combination, was able to score only three points on a field goal. The college team scored nineteen points, but they had one of the strongest teams in years as was shown by the fact that they defeated the Wesleyan and Amherst first year teams by large scores.

In the seven league contests, Pittsfield scored 109 points and allowed its opponents only 19 points. Against Lee High, P. H. S. scored its highest total, 34 points. Pittsfield experienced its greatest difficulty against Drury, these teams battling to two scoreless ties.

Pittsfield High's Record

	Pittsfield	Opponents
Kent School,	0	3
Lee High,	34	6
Williams Freshmen,	0	19
Adams High,	18	7
Drury,	0	0
Williamstown High,	31	0
Dalton High,	13	6
St. Joseph's High,	13	0
Drury High,	0	0
Totals,	109	41

The following men were awarded letters in football: Captain Whalen, Edwards, Shusterman, Herbert, Weitzel, Weiner, Sullivan, Ano, Garrison, Combs, Garner, Price, Potter, Chester, MacIntosh, Nolan, Pomeroy, Foster, Senger, Dellert, Learned, Russell and Manager Massimiano.

Star Letter Men

With the graduation of the February class of 1926, P. H. S. will lose some of the finest athletes that ever represented Pittsfield High in its various branches of sports.

Among these the most prominent letter man is "Billy" Whalen. "Billy", during his four years in high school, has made a name for himself in three leading sports, namely: baseball, football, and basketball. Whalen made the baseball nine as an outfielder the first year he went out, and since then he has been a regular member of the team. "Billy" also has won his letter three times in football. During his sophomore year he played an end position on the football team, but for the last two years he has played in the backfield. At the beginning of the 1926 gridiron campaign, "Billy" was elected to lead the team, and he certainly deserved this distinction as he had played faithfully for two previous years. In basketball Whalen has won two letters. During the season of 1923-24 "Billy" went to the Tufts Tournament and also to the Chicago Tournament. While engaged in these various sports, "Billy" has been chosen many times by the local paper as an "All Berkshire" man.

The following members of the graduating class have made their letter in one or more sports:

	Track	Baseball	Football	Basketball	Total
Whalen,	0	4	3	2	9
Sullivan,	0	1	2	0	3
Connally,	0	4	0	1	5
Potter,	2	0	3	0	5
Trudell,	3	0	1	0	4
Donald,	3	0	0	0	3
Meagher,	0	2	0	0	2
Shusterman,	0	0	1	0	1
Crowley,	2	0	0	0	2
Weiner,	0	0	1	0	1
Campion,	0	0	0	2	2
Totals,					37

The Outlook for a Basketball Team

Forty-one candidates reported to Coach Carmody for the opening basketball practice at the Boy's Club on December 3rd.

Among these, six are of last year's letter men: Rose, Cusick, Garner, Almstead, Garrison and Campion. Campion, however, will be available only until February as he is graduating. With the five remaining veterans, and the rest of the squad, which include some promising basket tossers, Coach Carmody should have no difficulty in selecting a combination that will be well up in the league running at the close of the season.

Torrington 32—Pittsfield 11

On January 2nd, P. H. S. journeyed to Torrington, Conn. when they were defeated by the strong Torrington High School team by a score of 32 to 11. Torrington was represented by a team that was runner up at the National Basketball

Tournament last year. Therefore it can be readily seen that Pittsfield did very well when all is taken into consideration. Lyeshowski starred for Torrington by scoring nineteen points. Campion played well for Pittsfield.

P. H. S. Wins League Opener

Saturday, January 9th, Pittsfield High defeated Adams High School at the Boy's Club by a score of 13 to 9 in its first league game of the season. Pittsfield went ahead early in the first quarter and was never headed off by its opponents, although the score was 9 to 7 at the end of the third period. In the final quarter Garner made a floor goal and Rose followed with two more points on free tries. Rose was the high scorer for Pittsfield, getting three baskets and four points on fouls.

Favorite Words of Famous People

Mrs. Bennett: "I love that Yankee word 'gumption'."

Mr. Russell: "If you are inclined to levity, I shall dispense with your presence from this edifice of learning."

Mr. Rudman: (using *that* ruler): "Stop that talking!"

Mr. Lucy: "I never saw such a class . . . that thought it knew so much, and, in fact, knew so little!"

Coach: "Now, when I was the most beautiful man in the army . . . !"

Mr. Innis: "If I were rich, I'd buy an automobile."

Mr. Goodwin: "Latin is just so much money in the bank."

Miss Pfeiffer: "Why, my dear children!"

Favorites in Music and Poetry

Chemistry students: "Break, Break, Break!"

Biology students: "Oh Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?"

Cookery students: "Anything by Browning or Burns."

History students: (during map quiz) "Somewhere."

Flunkers: "Melody in F."

Entire High School: "Absent."

* * * *

Chem. Student: "Have you heard the awful thing about the artificial camphor?"

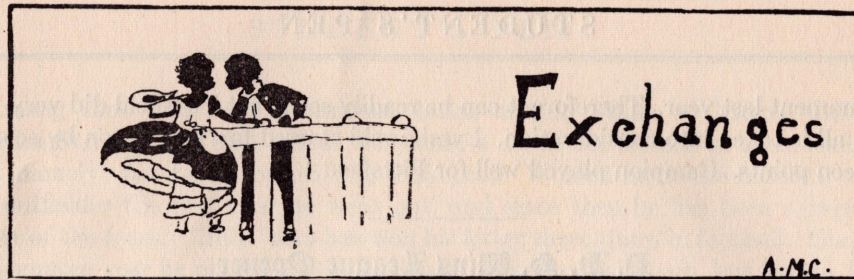
L. Goddeau: "No, what happened?"

Chem. Student: "Why, it was enough to make a moth bawl."

* * * *

Mr. Lucy: "My dear boy, you've grown to be a living image of your father, you have your father's eyes, you have your father's nose, you have his mouth, and—"

Morris Poch: (gloomily) "Yes, and I have his trousers, too."



At Home

Your graduation number is complete in that line, but we think a story or two would help change the monotony of class histories, etc. The issue seems more like a year book than a school magazine, because of so many articles on the graduating class. We wish to ask the athletic department why the line-ups of the various teams are not given and why there isn't a short description of each game. The exchange department is very well conducted.—*"Delphian," Providence R. I.*

An interesting number with an excellent poetry department. Come again.—*"Catamount," Bennington, Vt.*

Great enjoyment was found in the reading of your commencement number. Your Literary Department is well conducted and the historical essays on Pittsfield are very interesting. We also enjoyed your exchange department very much but found no stories.—*"The Reflector," Woburn, Mass.*

We enjoyed your essays and editorials immensely. Don't you ever put stories into your graduation number? Club Notes would improve your paper. Your poetry section is splendid.—*"The Shucis," Schenectady, N. Y.*

Note: Due to the many comments upon our June Commencement number to the effect that it is more like a year book than a school magazine, we find it necessary to say that we publish no year book but attempt to have the graduation number a souvenir for the graduating class. Therefore, it contains material that is of interest chiefly to the seniors.

With Our Neighbors

"The Brocktonia," Brockton, Mass.—You are to be complimented upon your splendid cuts. Judging from the Club Notes you have fine times at school. Would it not be more interesting to your readers to keep your stories together instead of continuing them in the advertisements?

"The Greylock Echo," Adams, Mass.—A few cuts would greatly improve your paper. Both a Joke and Exchange department might also be added. We certainly enjoyed "Fakirs Of Diamonds" but why keep the name of the author in the dark?

"The November J," Joliet, Illinois—Yours is a well balanced paper. Your Humor Section is the best ever. Don't you believe in commenting more in the Exchange Department?

"The Shucis," Schenectady, N. Y.—Hats off to you! Yours is one of the best and snappiest of school papers that we receive. We do enjoy the Exchange Department. It makes us very envious. Your editor is very clever and original. The "From Our Alumni" is a good idea.

"The Red and Gray," Fitchburg, Mass.—"Thinner and Thinner", and "Selecting the Evening Radio Concert" forced us to believe that Fitchburg must have some "Mark Twains", when we read the jokes we no longer believed, but we knew that it did. However, the exchanges are conspicuous by their absences.

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.—You have a large Exchange Department, and a good Joke section. Couldn't you have a more artistic cover than that on the Yuletide issue?

"The Simondonian," Warner, N. H.—We certainly hope that your paper does not "die a miserable death" for we find it very interesting even though we had quite a struggle finding where some jokes commenced and others finished. Why not have a space between each joke? Where are your artists? You badly need cuts for your various departments. You have a very good Literary section and in fact you have fine material in all departments. We wish you luck and hope that you have a very successful 1926.

"The Garnet and White," West Chester, Penn.—The awarding of prizes for stories is a novel idea. Three cheers for your Art Department; it surely is wide awake. How do we know? Why by the cartoons. The enlarging of the Joke and Alumni departments will do much for your paper.

"Catamount," Bennington, Vt.—Why not have more cuts like your exchange cut? We think that in your Alumni notes you should put in news of post graduates not only the present. The placing of your jokes with the advertisements tends to lessen the interest in them. After all is said and done, we like your paper.

"The Enfield Echo," Thompsonville, Conn.—Your magazine is sadly in need of cuts. Wouldn't an Art Department help? How about enlarging your "Pepper Box?"

"The Student's Review," Northampton, Mass.—Enlarge all of your departments. A cut here and there will add much to your magazine.

"Keramos," East Liverpool, Ohio—Yours is a well conducted paper. The "greetings from the Faculty" is a very find idea. You have some splendid cuts and cartoons. How about keeping the jokes compact?

"The Hardwickian," Hardwick, Vt.—What about a few more snappy cuts? We also suggest that you have more jokes.

"Murdock Murmurs," Winchendon, Mass.—We were very much impressed with your first issue. We enjoyed reading it but suggest that you enlarge all the departments. The humor cut is very "catching" it makes the department conspicuous. Come again.

"Homespun," Greensboro, North Carolina—We are very much pleased with your paper and gladly add it to our exchange list. We certainly enjoyed "My Autograph Collection." Mr. Goodwin deserves much praise. Why don't you collect your scattered poems and place them in a Poetry Department? The adding of a few jokes will help considerably. We wait impatiently for your next issue. Don't disappoint us.

V. Hutchinson: "I think football is just a glorious sport. It gives one such a graceful carriage."

Bill Whalen: "Yes, and a couple of charley horses to draw it with."



Jokes

L. Goddeau: "Is Doris a good toe dancer?"
W. Blais: "No! She danced over my whole foot!"
* * * *

Mr. Russell, (in Chemistry lecture): "First, take hydrogen; then chloroform."
Sleepy voice from rear: "That's a good idea."
* * * *

C. Chapman: "Why don't your socks stay up?"
Chuck Sullivan: "Because they haven't garter."
* * * *

W. Blais: "How did you get that bump on your head?"
P. Garden: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."
* * * *

Russ. Clarke (to Central): "Give me two two double two."
Central: "Two Two Two Two?"
Russ. Clarke: "Yeah! Hurry up. I'll play train with you afterwards."
* * * *

Babe May: "Did the doctor remove your appendix?"
J. Corrinet: "Feels to me like he removed my whole table of contents."
* * * *

A. Gaylord: "I worked on that problem until five o'clock this morning."
Weiner: "Did you finally get the idea?"
Gaylord: "Yes, it began to dawn on me."
* * * *

Bill Whalen: "I want to thank you for the wool socks."
Chuck Sullivan: "Rather pleased, eh?"
Bill: "Tickled to death."
* * * *

M. Barbour: "I've taken ten lessons already and I can't even start the car."
Babe May: "Your chauffeur must be very stupid."
M. Barbour: "No—o, very handsome."
* * * *

Waiter: "How would you like your steak, sir?"
Mr. Brierly: "Very much."
* * * *

M. Barbour: "I spent the winter in Germany. I love Danzig."
Ed. Connally: "Shall we step out on the floor, then, or is your cold too bad?"
* * * *

Mr. Bulger: "Field, did you know you're been doing a lot of talking lately?"
H. Field: "No, sir."
Mr. Bulger: "There are many other things you don't know, too!"

Milly Anthony: "Why do you leave me without any reason?"
Dan Potter: "I always leave things as I find them."
* * * *

C. Chapman: "Why are you so happy?"
M. Melnik: "I just came from Mr. Strout's office."
C. Chapman: "Is that anything to be happy about?"
M. Melnik: "Yes, he wasn't there."
* * * *

Wilfred Blais: "Last night I dreamed I married the most beautiful woman in the world."

Grace Genest: "Were we happy?"
* * * *

Billy Whalen: "I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke."
Babe May: "Don't worry; that's the only kind of a girl you'll get."
* * * *

M. Barbour: "How long did it take you to learn to skate?"
G. Davis: "Oh, about a dozen sittings."
* * * *

Mr. Lucy: "What's a polygon?"
J. Corrinet: "A dead parrot."
* * * *

Miss Waite: "This poem is no good. Don't you see the feet are all wrong?"
Poch: "No, I can't. I'm a poet, not a chiropodist."
* * * *

P. Sagarin: "Do you know how to approach a girl with a past?"
J. Jepperson: "How?"
Philip: "With a present!"
* * * *

Grad: "What salary do you think I'm getting now?"
Verchot: "Oh, about half."
Grad: "Half of what?"
Verchot: "What you say!"
* * * *

D. Morrison: "Par is 45."
A. Gaylord: "Is that right! And how old is Ma?"
* * * *

C. Trudell: "Suppose I teach you to play cards now. Then you'll know all about it after we're married."


Bab Whittlesey: "Won't that be lovely! What game will you teach me?"
C. T.: "Solitaire."
* * * *

Mr. Lucy: "We have two sides of a triangle. One is three and the other is six. How can we find the third side?"

Howard Goold: "Put an ad in the *Evening Eagle*."
* * * *

Miss Clifford: "We will now name all the lower animals in their order, beginning with Mr. Blais."

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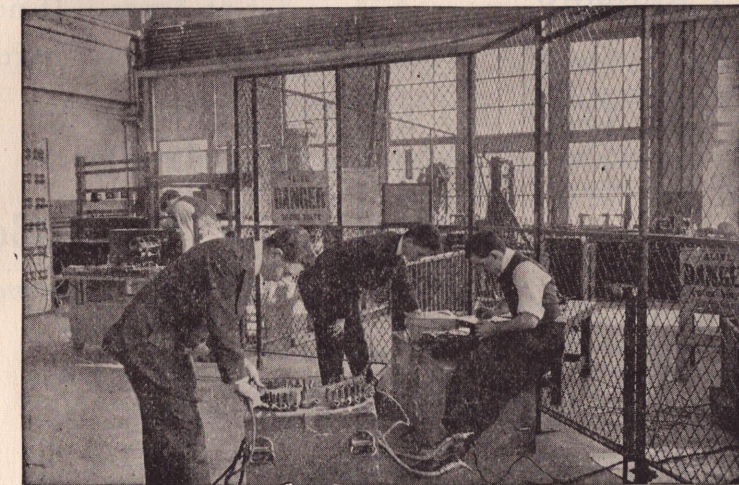
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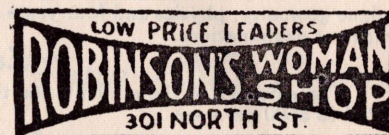
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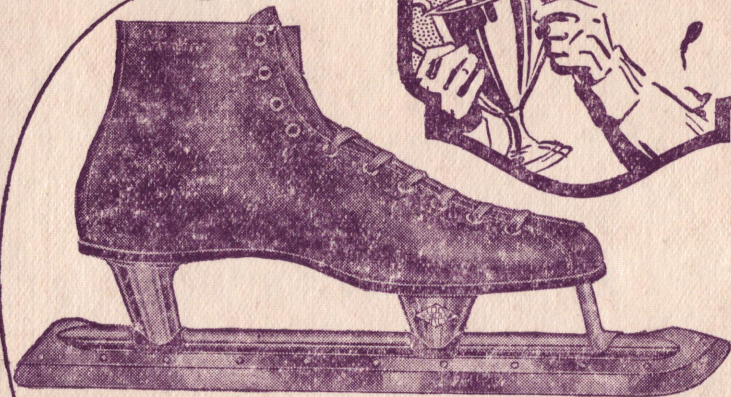
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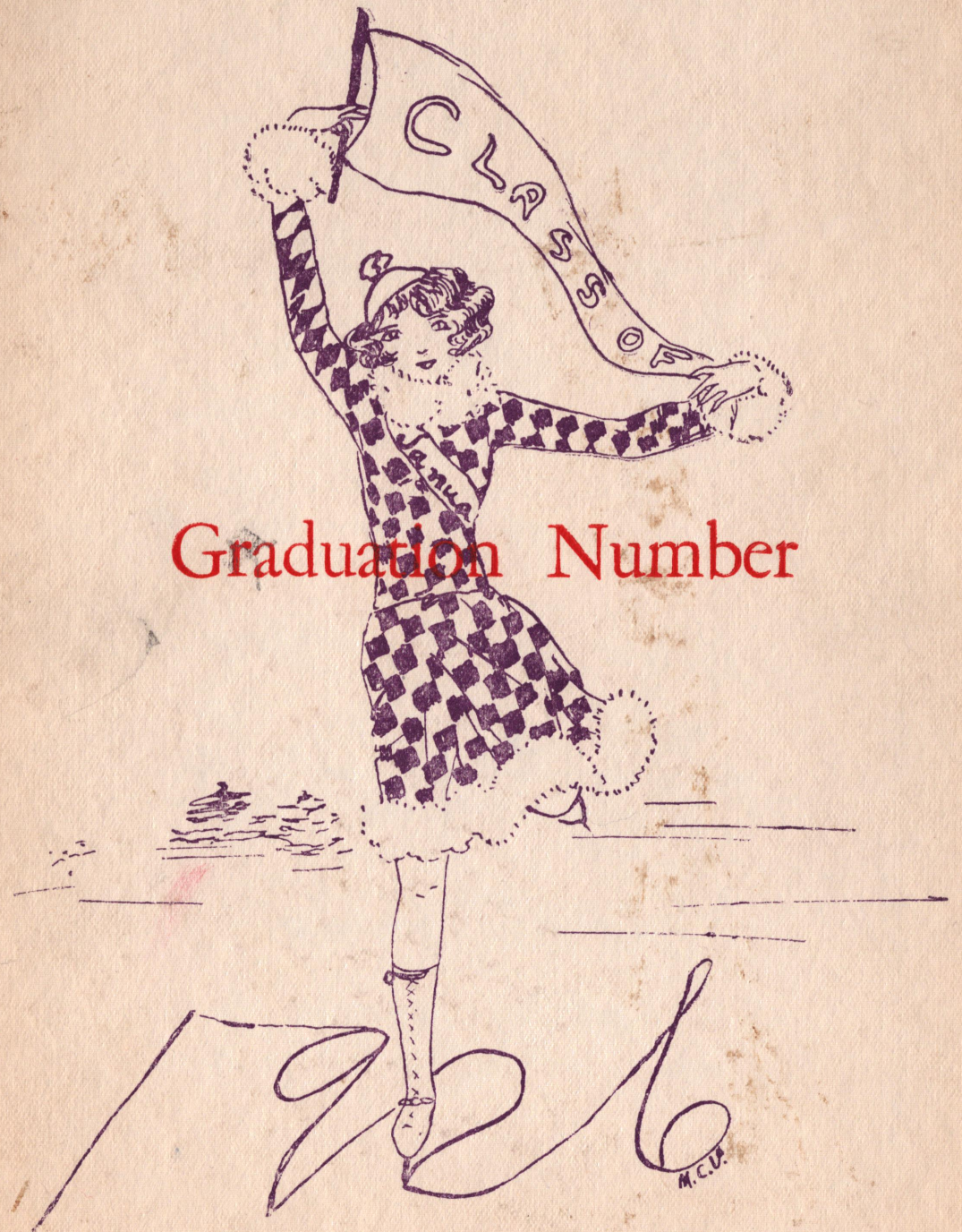
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